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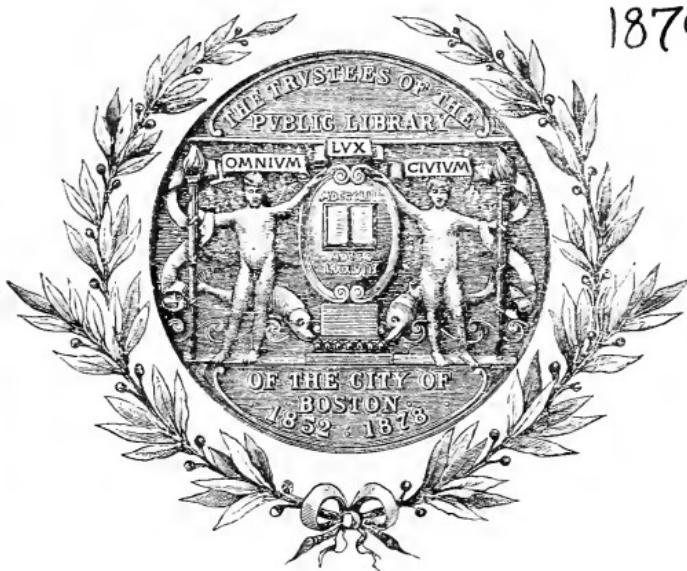
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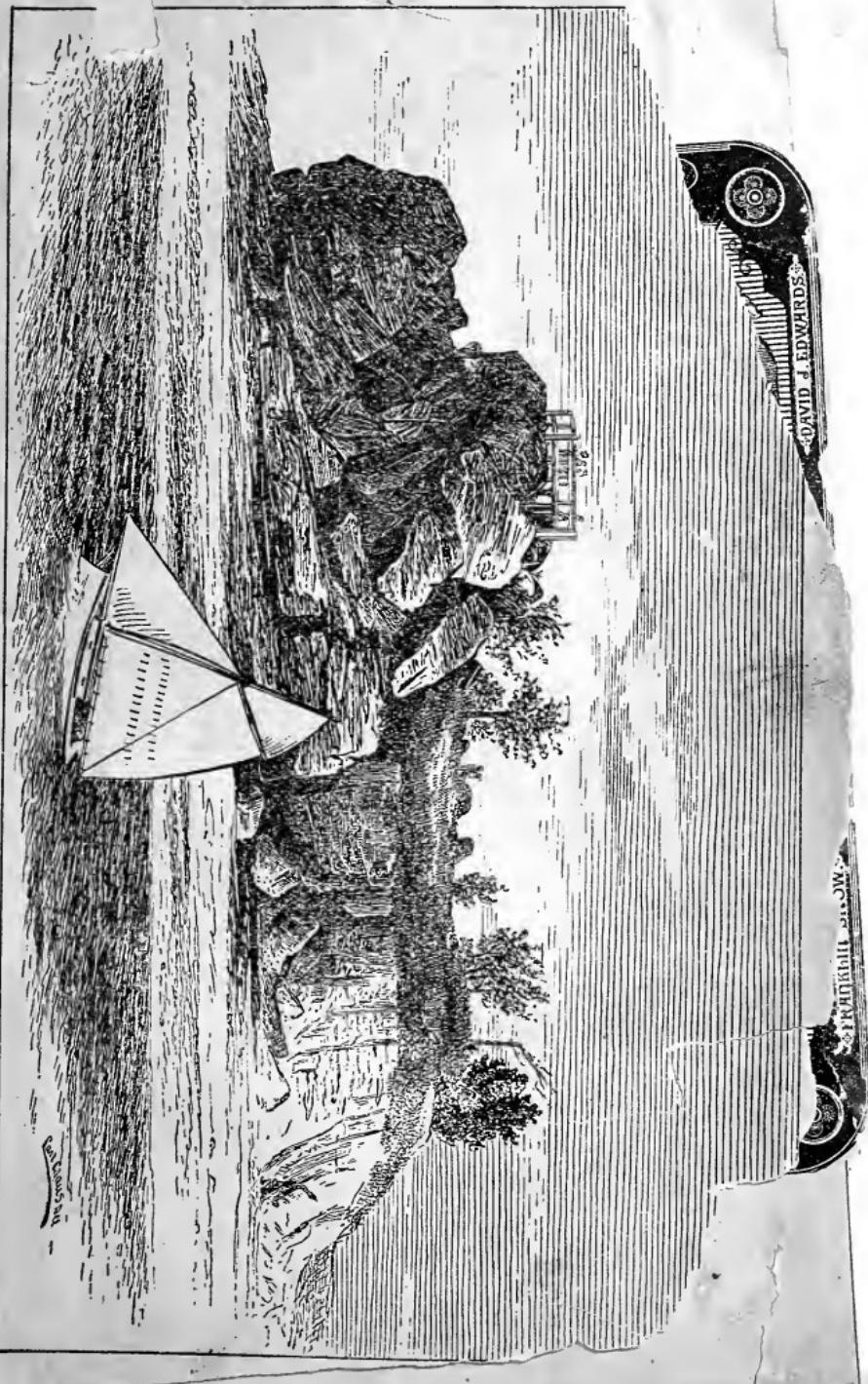


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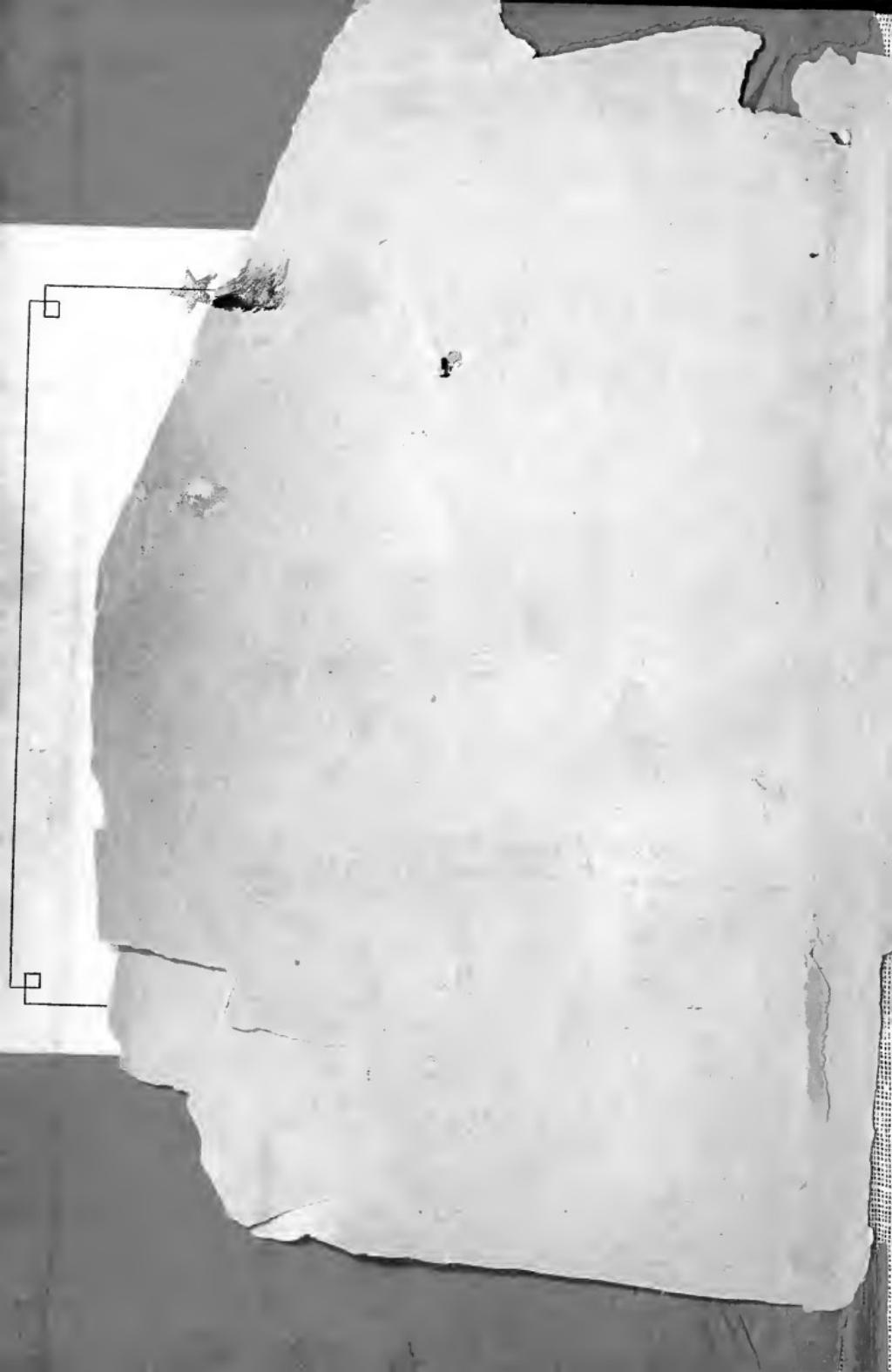
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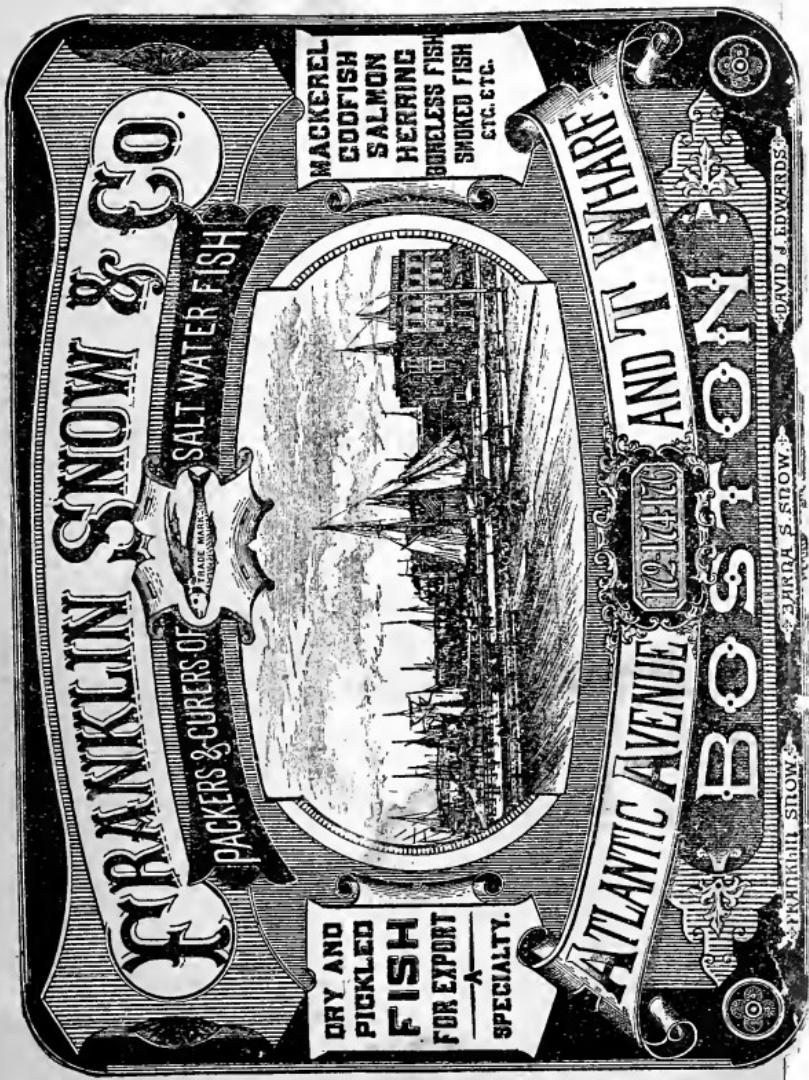
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PROFILE ON SQUAW ROCK, SQUANTUM.



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For Furniture, Piano-fortes and Organs, Picture and Looking-Glass
Frames, Railroad Cars, and General Cabinet Use.

Don't grain your white painted doors and base-boards, or throw away the same; for you can have them covered with **WOOD HANGINGS**, much more elegant and durable.

If your paper is soiled in Hall or Dining-Room, put on a dadoe, which will cover up the soiled part, and save all the rest.

They can be washed, and are unaffected by steam, furnace heat, or dampness.

HALLS, LIBRARIES, VESTIBULES, RECEPTION, DINING AND BATH ROOMS furnished with these woods improve with age.

DADOING on plastered walls.

BASE BOARDS and DOORS covered directly upon the paint.

"HARD-WOOD CEILINGS," in every variety of light and dark fancy woods.

Tourists and all others are cordially invited to visit the mill, 522 HARRISON AVENUE, and witness the operations by which these beautiful hangings are cut from the log, and prepared.



susceptible the Indians were to kind treatment.

grievance to the Plymouth people that they should be
with the savages; for by this they secured the trade in ^{is}
and held very questionable relations with the Indian women, an
were fears of there being a mixed population soon.

After fruitless efforts at reform, through written admonishments w
the carnal Morton received in a most unsatisfactory spirit of contum
the Pilgrim fathers of Plymouth despatched the redoubtable M.
Standish (who seems to have been a sort of border ruffian of his d
to the scene of trouble to set matters right the same as he did five y
before when he murdered the Indians so treacherously at Weym
The following is what Standish says of the affair:—

"So they resolved to take Morton by force. Which was accore
done; but they found him stand stify in his defence having maut
his dors, armed his consorts, set divers dishes of powder and c
ready on ye table and if they had not been over armed with drink, m
hurt might have been done. They somaned him to yeeld, but he ke
his house, and they could get nothing but scofes & scorns from him
but at length fearing they would do some violence to ye house, he and
some of his crue came out, but not yeeld, but to shoothe; but they we
so steeld with drinks as their peeces were too heavie for them; him s
with a carbine (over charged & allmost halfe fild with powder & sh
as was after found) had thought to have shot Captain Standish, but
stept to him & put by his piece & took him. Neither was ther any hurt
done either side save yt one was so drunk yt he ran his own nose upon
ye pointe of a sword yt one held before him as he entered yt house, but
he lost but a little of his hott blood."

The accounts of this affair widely differ. The following is Morton's
description of it:—

"Now Captain Shrimp (Morton's nickname for Standish) takes eight

PAPERED VENEEPS HISTORY

150

and they imbarque with preparations against Ma-
For Furnit- the nine Worthies are approached; and mine Host
prepared, having intelligence by a Salvage that hastened in
from Wessagusset to give him notice of their intent. The nine
hies comming before the Denne of this supposed monster, this
headed hydra, as they termed him, and began to offer quarter if
the host (Morton) would yield, had the rest not bin from home, we
ould have given Capt. Shrimp, (a quondam Drummer), such a well-
ne as would have made him wish for a Drume as bigg as Diogenes'
that hee might have crept into it ought of sight. Yet to save the
on of so much worthy bloud as would have issued out of the
s of these 9 worthies of New Canaan if mine Host should have
upon them out of his port holes, for they came within danger
flock of wild geese, as if they had bin tayled one to another as
s to be sold at a faier, mine host was content to yeeld upon quar-
, and did capitulate with them, but mine Host had no sooner set open
ne dore and issued out, but instantly Captain Shrimp and the rest of
he worthies stepped to him, layd hold of his armes, and had him downe
and so eagerly was every man bent against him, not regarding any
greement made with such a carnal man that they fell upon him, as if
ey would have eaten him up. Captain Shrimp by this outrageous
t thus made himself master of mine Host of Ma-re Mount and dis-
ed of what hee had at his plantation."

Morton says that the conspirators "feasted their bodies and fell to
tippeling as if they had obtained a great prize," in precisely the same
manner as the state constables would do at the present day.

A writer, describing Boston seventy years after the Merry-Mount
affair, shows that the inhabitants here had not changed their ways
during that period. He describes the place and people as follows :—

"Every Stranger is forced to take notice that in Boston there is more

OF BOSTON HARBOR.

de a map giving names to the various localities, and it is regarded as
of the greatest curiosities which has been transmitted to posterity
the early voyagers. This voyage was completed within the period of
months, and produced a clear profit of fifteen hundred pounds.
en Capt. Smith embarked for London, he left his largest ship under
command of Thomas Hunt to load her with fish for Spain. Hunt,
n he was ready to sail, enticed into the ship twenty-seven Indians
n Pautuxet and Nanset (now Plymouth and Eastham) under pre- to
e of trading with them. He treacherously seized and bound them
towed them away under his hatches, carried them to Spain inland
hem for slaves. One of them "Squanto" by name (someti^l there
"Tisquantum"), from whom the point of Squantum in Bost^l beau
or takes its name, was subsequently restored to his home in 162^llike
pt. Thomas Dumar, who had been with Capt. Smith in his voyage his
w England. Squanto proved afterward to be of great service to
lymouth colonists. During a number of years the coast was
annually by vessels mostly fitted out by merchants to take fish,
ade with the Indians for furs. Of these voyages we have little
nation.

CHAPTER I.I

hies
en hea PILGRIMS SETTLE AT PLYMOUTH IN 1620.—MYLES STANDISH EXPLIE host (. BOSTON HARBOR IN 1621.—AN INTERVIEW WITH THE INDIAN
uld have gave TOMAS WESTON'S COLONY AT WEYMOUTH.—SETTLEMENT AT MO
ne as would h OLLASTON BY CAPTAIN WOLOSTON.—IS . SUCCEDED BY TH
that hee MORTON.

on of so

s of the No attempt was made to establish a plantation within the bay
upo 1620, when a permanent settlement was made at Plymouth, by
do known as the Pilgrim Fathers. On Wednesday, September 6,
they sailed from Plymouth, England, in the "May Flower," a ve
180 tons, and on the 16th of December the ship arrived and an
in the harbor of Pautuxet, where they landed and called the place
Plymouth. For some time they saw but little of the natives, and
no communication with them until the 16th of March, 1621, when
were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of an Indian, who presen
himself fearlessly, and said in broken English, "Welcome, welcon
Englishmen." His name was Samoset, a Sagamore, the Indian na
for chief. He was a tall, straight man, with hair cut short in front
long behind, and was armed with a bow and two arrows. He ask
for some beer, but we gave him strong water and biscuit and butt
and cheese, and pudding, and a piece of Mallard (duck), all of whi
he liked very well."

Their visitor gave the party much information, and they sent hi
next day with a message to their Indian neighbors. Through him th

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

for those days, set sail in "three vessels with seven score of men" with the intention of planting a colony in some of those regions discovered by his predecessors, or upon new and more suitable territory which perchance might fall in with on his voyage. He discovered an island near the mainland abounding with wild ducks, to which he gave the name of "Stranmey," and which is supposed to be Martha's Vineyard, and what he named "The Haven of Straumfjords" is supposed to be Buzzard's Bay.

It is related that in prosecuting his investigation further inland, passing through a river, he reached an expanse of water, and there held the desired land, bountifully supplied with grain and beautiful vines. Here he met with savages, whose description is not unlike that of the New-England Indians, and who forced him, much against his will, to give up his contemplated design and return home, not only disheartened, but disheartened from making any further attempts. And this terminated, with the exception of a few smaller adventures, the voyages of the Icelandic navigation and adventures upon the American continent, and indeed whatever may have been gained by these traditional voyages, it is certain that they were forgotten for many years, and that as late as the fifteenth century Greenland was only known to the Norwegians and Danes, as "the lost land," and the only visible signs that the early navigators left behind them are the hieroglyphics on the Dighton Rocks, in Taunton River, and the Old Tower at Newport, R. I. But it is unquestionable that the route to "Wineland" (the Vineland of Leif) had become well known to the Icelandic and Norwegian navigators, and there are authentic maps, compiled at that time by them, of this region, *still in existence* in the museums of Europe, and which bear most wonderful resemblance to our most recent maps, and which is undeniably proof that this country was discovered nearly 500 years before Columbus, and it is more than probable that he (Columbus) heard of

ated, he concluded his voyage to Greenland, and sailed in the year 1002 on a voyage of discovery, in company with Leif, the son of Eric the Red, a person of adventurous disposition whose desire he had wakened by a recital of his accidental discovery. It is supposed that the countries which they visited, and called "Helluland," on account of the rocky soil, "Markland" (the woody) and "Vineland" (wine country), were in the neighborhood of Newfoundland and the Gulf of Lawrence. It is stated that the Icelander visited, not only the shore of Greenland and Labrador, but in oft-repeated voyages they explored the coast of America as far south as New Jersey, establishing colonies in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; they are supposed to have been in New England in some of their voyages, and that they even shored in Boston Harbor.

Leif, the son of Eric, was succeeded by his brother Thorwald, who in the year 1003 attempted discoveries more to the southward than those previously made, and is supposed to have fallen in with several islands lying south of the Massachusetts coast, destitute of inhabitants.

In the next year, 1004, pursuing a more easterly and then northerly direction, he passed a cape to which he gave the name "Kiliarnese," by some supposed to be Cape Cod, and following the coast in a circuitous course, discovered an abrupt promontory well covered with forest trees, which he named "Krossaness," and which archaeologists have been led to believe was one of the headlands of Boston Harbor, called by the Plymouth settlers in honor of their early agent, Point Allerton, which is the northerly termination of Nantasket Beach. The voyage of this last-named individual ended as it commenced by wintering at Vineland previous to his return to Greenland, the place from which it was projected.

Another of the same class of adventures by a person of considerable distinction among his countrymen, and possessed of some wealth, "Thorfin" by name, was attempted in 1007, and, with an ample outfit

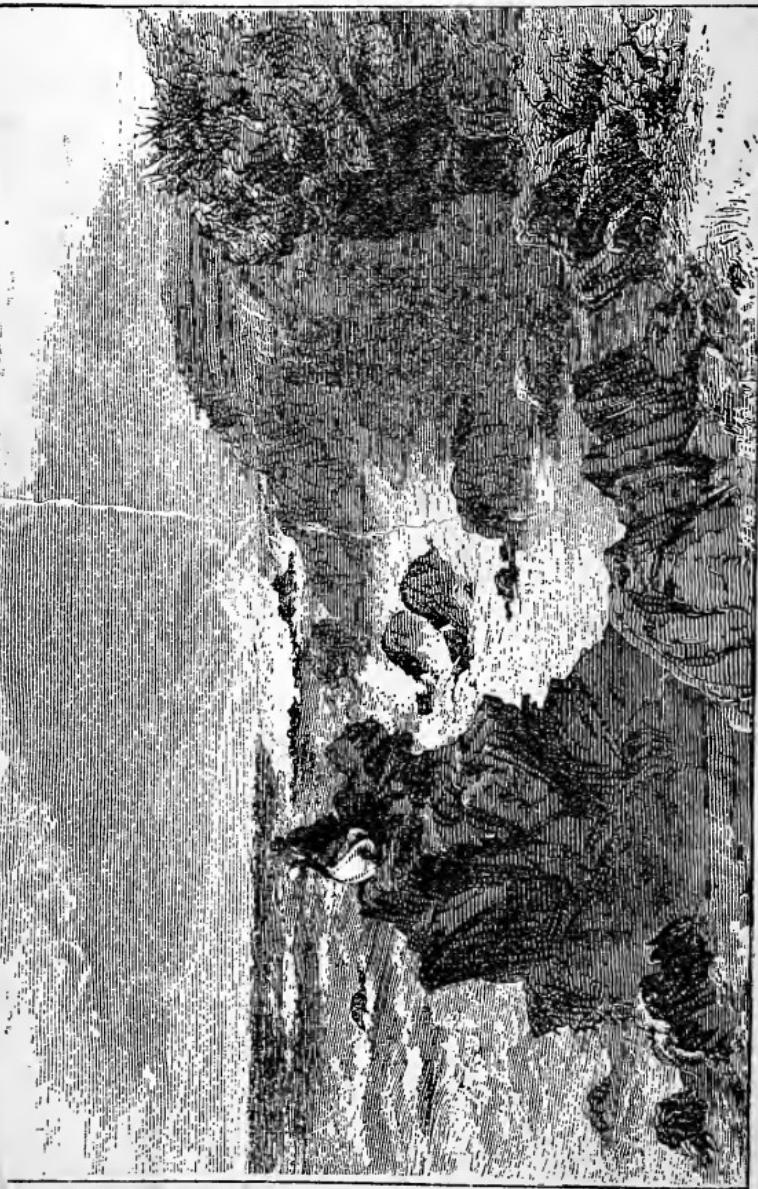
BOSTON HARBOR

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VIEW OF NAHANT.



YACHTING

as also increased in the last few years, and now several yacht clubs are organized with hundreds of sail. They are to be seen in every direction on a fine day, presenting a beautiful appearance, with their snowy sails and graceful models. There is now but one thing wanted, and that is, a suitable hand-book of information, at a price within every one's means, that will give an accurate description of the harbor and islands, and all necessary information, together with suitable illustrations of the principal objects to be seen in a day's trip. In this little volume we will endeavor to meet this want, and state also the best routes to take, enjoy

A DAY DOWN THE HARBOR

where it can be spent to the best advantage, also the best places to go, and to enjoy yachting, gunning, fishing, and so forth, where the

BEST HOTELS

are located, and how reached, what their facilities are, prices, etc. We will also lay out several excursion routes, giving a description of everything seen on the way, illustrating the principal points of interest by finely executed engravings, from photographs and sketches, together with an accurate map of the harbor made from the latest surveys, by the Photo-Electrotype Company, of Boston, who are the publishers of this hand-book of information for summer pleasure-seekers in Boston Harbor.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST DISCOVERY OF BOSTON HARBOR.—EARLY VOYAGES TO SAME
NORTHMEN.—JOHN CABOT.—JOHN DE VERRAZZANI.—SIR WALTER
RALEIGH.—BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD.—CAPT. JOHN SMITH.—A
OTHERS.

Who the first discoverers of Boston Harbor was, is not known. So historians state, that it was probably discovered by the Northmen. However this may be, it is a well-known fact, that the inhabitants of Norway, Sweden and Denmark, were at a very early period of Christian Era, acquainted with the science and practice of navigation, far surpassing the people of the South of Europe, in building vessels and managing them upon the sea.

The characteristics of these people were of a predatory and piratical nature, who possessed nothing of that thirst for glory of discovery that so eminently distinguished those of the Southern countries.

As early as 861 in one of their piratical excursions, they discovered Iceland, and about the year 889 Greenland was discovered and populated by the Danes under Eric the Red, a noted chieftain, who had to flee from his country for murder.

Very early in the eleventh century, Biarne, an Icelander, who had visited many countries with his father Heriulf for trading purposes, being accidentally separated in one of the vessels, from his parent, in directing his course to Greenland, was driven by a storm southwesterly to an unknown country, level in its formations, destitute of rocks, and thickly wooded, having an island near its coast. After the storm he

west bank of the Neponset, where it enters the harbor. It has been used from the earliest settlement of Dorchester for the purpose its name indicates, and here the Dorchester people located their wharves, on account of there being a greater depth of water here, and also its sheltered position and its situation at the entrance to the Neponset River, which has been of great importance at all periods of the history of New England, and which is about thirty miles from its source in Foxborough to Boston Harbor, and is navigable to Granite Bridge, and formerly to the Lower Mills, a distance of about four miles in a crooked course from Commercial Point. By the curious connection between the Charles River and Neponset River, by means of Mother Brook, it literally forms a large island of the territory consisting of Boston, Roxbury, West Roxbury, Dorchester, Dedham, Newton, Brighton, and Brookline, and the entire distance can be passed in a small boat, that can be carried around the several dams that intercept its course, and produce, with the neighboring scenery, picturesque falls.

This river separates Dorchester from Squantum, a place frequently mentioned in these pages, and closely connected with the history of harbor, and the most picturesque and romantic spot in the harbor. view we here present of that portion of it known as Squaw Rock, or it is called in the old records, Pulpit Rock, and often Chapel Rock, made from a photograph, and shows a very correct view of the squaw's head or profile. Very few people living in Boston know of the natural beauties of this place, and of its attractions, or of this wonderful image of a squaw's head cut by nature in the solid rock. In fact, the summer resorts of the White Mountains and other far-off localities hundreds of miles away are better known to the average Bostonian than the superior attractions of the romantic and beautiful scenery of Boston Harbor, simply because interested parties connected with hotels, railroads, steam-boats, and so forth, spend thousands of dollars every year in adverti-

ing their different lines of travel to the summer resorts at the mountains, lakes, springs, and so forth, the attractions of which are in a great measure exaggerated.

Squantum is about seven miles from Boston by road, over which a delightful drive can be had in the summer-time, and is about three miles from Long Wharf by water. A long description of Squantum is given in Chapter II., page 16, in the account of Myles Standish's exploration in Boston Harbor, describing how Squantum is supposed to have taken its name from Tisquantum, his Indian guide on that occasion, and how he went ashore here with his men, and marched three miles up the country, and came across an Indian Fort, and village, containing only women, whom Tisquantum "would have rifled of their furs and corn, if he had not been restrained."

The shores of Squantum are rocky, with a very good showing of trees in and about the place, relieving it of the nakedness that disfigures some of the islands and headlands of the harbor. There are also some beautiful walks and drives here through the lanes and roads, and the view that can be obtained from the summit of the rocks back of the hotel cannot be surpassed from any other point in the harbor. Here the traveler can see the ocean and the harbor laid out before him like a panorama; and a magnificent view of the surrounding country, including Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Quincy, Braintree, Weymouth, Hingham, and Cohasset can be obtained from this place of observation.

Squantum is surrounded on nearly all sides by water, and is separated from Thompson's Island by what is known as Squantum Gut; but the current is nothing like as strong as in Hull Gut or Shirley Gut. The Hotel here is kept by Mr. William Reed, a veteran in the hotel business; and a better shot for wild fowl or a better boatman cannot be found on the coast, which the writer knows by experience, having been in his company for over six months during a gunning and boating trip

to Florida in the winter season, starting from Squantum early in May and returning the next May, and sailing outside off the coast during the worst months for shipwrecks in the whole year, and making the trip in the cat-boat "Crosby," 26 feet long, which may be seen at the first stage; and, if the reader should desire a sail in the harbor at any time there is not a safer boat or more reliable skipper than Mr. Reed.

Squantum was noted during the early part of the present century for the Squantum Feasts, held there not only by the fast young men of the time, but also by the staid and respectable old gentlemen of Boston and the neighboring towns.

Squantum would make an excellent place for summer residences, or for a suburban park, and at the present time could be purchased at an extremely low figure.

Passing through Squantum Gut, and sailing in an easterly direction by Moon Head, we enter Quincy Bay, on the south side of which we notice a hill covered over pretty thickly with houses. This Mount Wollaston or Merry Mount, frequent mention of which has been made in these pages. About five years after the disastrous attempt of settling Weymouth, Thomas Morton, one of the settlers, and descended as a lawyer of Furnival's Inn, London, persuaded Captain Wollaston and three or four partners to settle at this place, which is but a short distance from Wessagusset. In September, 1625, Captain Wollaston, with thirty adventurers, landed here, and began a plantation near on the site of the house of John Quincy Adams now stands. During the absence of Captain Wolston to Virginia on a trading voyage, Morton induced the settlers to rebel against Lieutenant Filcher, who was left in command, and choose him in his stead.

^a From this time dates all the future troubles of this place, of which so much has been said. Morton commenced his free-and-easy reign by lighting up a May-pole, and christening the place Merry Mount, which he maintained, and caused to follow

ing their different lines of travel,
ains, lakes, springs, and so f--- HISTORY

measure exaggerated measure to the Puritans at Plymouth. They called it

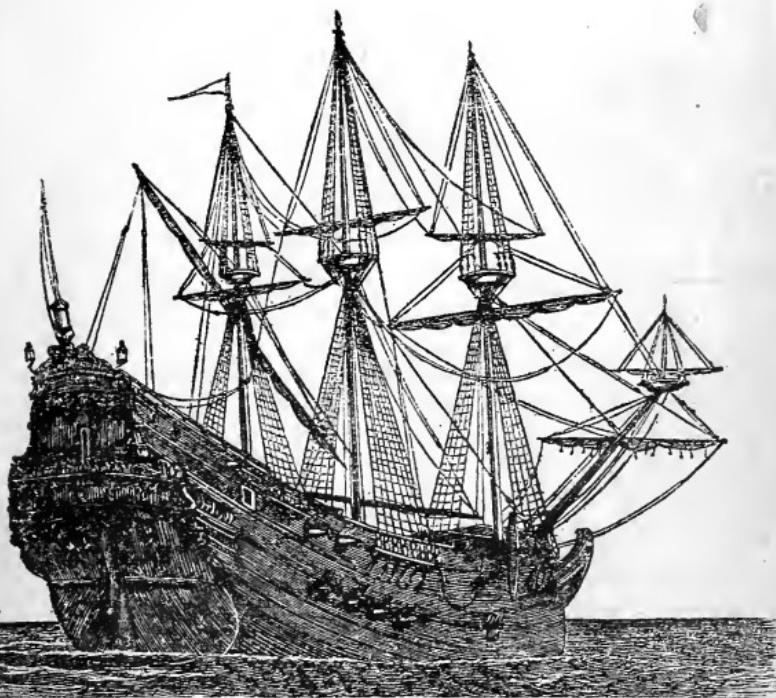
Sqr ^{ne}, — yea, they called it the Calf of Horeb, — and stood at defi-
delig^h, — with the place, and called it Mount Dagon, and threatened to make
from in woeful Mount, and not a Merry Mount. Having no cares, they
in e themselves up to a gay and hilarious system of living, drinking and
its incing around the May-pole adorned on the top with a buck's horns,
ne : so many fairies or furies, as if they had revived the celebrated feasts
the Roman goddess, Flora, or the mad practices of the Bacchana-
ns. Morton described the naming of the place as follows: —

he "And being resolved to have the new name confirmed for a memori-

T to after ages did devise to have it performed in solemn Revels and
n and ^{SB} ent after the old English custom and therefore brewed a barrel
me of silent beare and provided a case of bottles to be spent in good
utifn] for all comers of that day, and because they would make a com-
hing of it they prepared a song for the occasion. And upon
Lynn lay they brought the May-pole to the place appointed with drums,
C er c es, pistols, and other fitting instruments for that purpose and there
eama; d it with the help of the Salvages that came there a purpose to
Boston, I manner of our Revels. A goodly pine tree of eighty foot was
and Coh^h up, with a pair of buckshorns nayled one somewhere near the
Squant^h it, where it stood as a faire sea mark for directions how to find
ted from ^h way to mine host of Ma-re-Mount. And we had a poem in
the current ss made which was fixed to the May-pole to shew the new name
The Hotel ed on the plantation. And this harmless mirth was much dis-
busir^h aster to the Puritans, and from that time sought occasion against m^h
fo honest Host of Ma-re-Mount to overthrow his undertakings and to d^h
stroy his plantation quite and clean."

They were joined in their revels by the Indians; for Morton, by
kind treatment of them, secured their lasting friendship, they ke-
him and the rest of the company supplied with game, thus showir

the discoveries made by the Northmen, or saw their charts, during his
d fr
yages, which caused him to so strongly believe, that there was "land
ough the westward."



SHIP OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

After the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492 many followed his track, among whom was Americus Vespucci, from whom the country derived its name. John Cabot and his son Sebastian, a native of Bristol, under the patronage of Henry VII., King of England, undertaken a voyage to the unknown regions of the West, and, in this adventure, made the first authentic discovery of the American Continent. The land thus discovered by the English merchant was a portion of Labrador, which event took place on the 24th of June, 1497, about thirteen months before Columbus on his third voyage came in sight of the mainland, and nearly two years before Americus Vespucci ventured to follow the illustrious Columbus.



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

On a second voyage, John and his son Sebastian Cabot coasted as south as Maryland, but were compelled to return to England on account of deficiency of provisions. In 1524 John de Verazzani, a Florentine in the service of Francis I., of France, discovered a continent which he found a harbor supposed to be New York, and he subsequently coasted along the northern shore as far as Newfoundland.

Many were the voyagers that visited the American coast in the northern latitudes, before the actual settlement of New England, some of whom attempted the establishment of colonies, but failed in their endeavors. Between 1584 and 1607 Sir Walter Raleigh attempted the colonization of Virginia, and Jamestown was settled. In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold, a daring mariner from the west of England, being possessed of a great desire for discovery, set sail from Yarmouth in a small vessel with only thirty-two men, and was the first Englishman



JOHN VERANZZANI.

to came in a direct course and set foot on Massachusetts soil, selecting a small island called Cuttyhunk, situated at the mouth of Buzzard's Bay. There upon a little but well-wooded island of about one acre of land, and a pond of fresh water, Gosnold built a fort, and established a house, the vestiges of which may be seen at the present time. They say there was not of long duration, but long enough to give time for the discovery of the present site of New Bedford, and on the 18th of June, scarcely a month after his landing, he sailed with his men for home.

In the year 1614, Capt. John Smith of Pocahontas notoriety, a celebrated traveler and navigator, sailed from England and explored the coast from Manhigan (a small town at the mouth of the Kennebec River which was settled in 1607 by Sir George Popham) and explored the coast in a boat which he had built since his arrival. With eight



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

men for a crew his explorations extended on the coast from the Pen-
scot River to Cape Cod, trading with the Indians for fur. Speaking
these explorations, he says : "I have seen at least forty several habitations
upon the sea-coast, and sounded about five and twenty good harbors.
all the four parts of the world I have seen uninhabited, could I have
means to transplant a colony, I would rather live here than anywhere
and if it did not maintain itself, were we but indifferently well-fitted,
us starve. Here are many isles planted with corn, groves, mulberry
savage gardens, and good harbors; the sea-coasts, as you pass them,
show you, all along, large cornfields, and great troops of well-propor-
tioned people."

Massachusetts in particular he calls the paradise of these parts, no-
tices the high mountains, and rivers "which doth pierce many day
journey into the entrails of the country." On his return to England,

d frequent interviews with small parties of the savages, and at last he brought and introduced to them Tisquantum, the only surviving native of the place they had taken possession of. Tisquantum will be remembered one of the party captured and sold into slavery by Hunt. He found his way to England, where he was treated kindly, and which he was now disposed to requite.

He proved very faithful to the settlers as long as he lived, serving them in their expeditions as guide, mediator and interpreter.

One of the first excursions made by the Pilgrims, about a year after their landing, was under Capt. Myles Standish, to an Indian nation called Massachusetts, inhabiting Boston and vicinity.

This being the first accurate and authentic history of Boston Harbor, it being written by one of the party, we will give it in their own words, as a specimen of the minuteness with which they recorded occurrences at that time: —

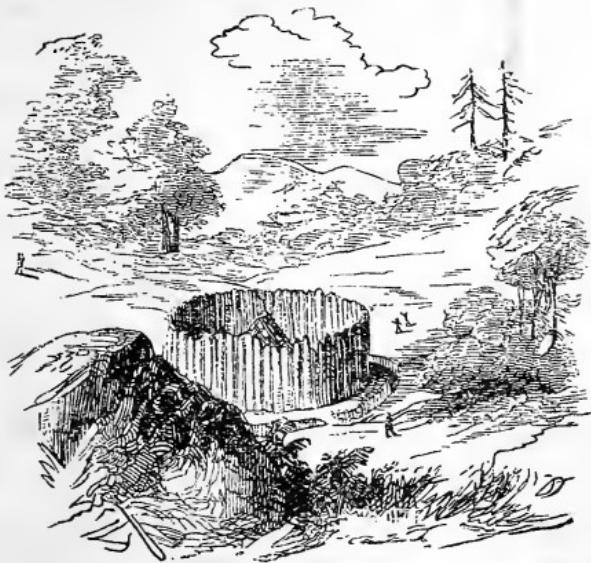
"It seems good to the company in general, that though the Massachusetts had often threatened us (as we were informed), yet we should go among them, partly to see the country and partly to make peace with them, and partly to procure their truck. For these ends the governor chose ten men, and Tisquantum and two other savages, to bring us into speech with the people and interpret for us.

"On the 13th of September, 1631, being Tuesday, we set out about midnight, the tide then serving for us, we supposing it to be nearer than it is, thought to be there the next morning betime, but it proved to be well nigh twenty leagues from New Plymouth. We came into the bottom of the bay, but being late, anchored and lay in the shallows, not having seen any of the people. The next morning we put in for the shore. There we found many lobsters, that had been gathered together by the savages which we made ready under a cliff (probably Point Alerton).

"The captain sent two sentinels behind the cliff to the landward to secure the shallop, and taking a guide with him, and four of our company, went to seek the inhabitants, where they met a woman coming for her lobsters. They told her of them, and contented her for them. She told them where the people were. Tisquantum went to them, the rest returned, having direction which way to bring the shallop to them. The Sachem or governor of this place is called Obbatinewat, and though he lives in the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, yet he is under Massasoit. He used us very kindly, he told us he durst not remain in any settled place, for fear of the Tarentines, also the squaw Sachem or Massachusetts Queen was an enemy to him. We told him of divers Sachems, that had acknowledged themselves to be King James's men, and if he also would submit himself, we would be his safeguard from his enemies, which he did, and went along with us to bring us to the squaw Sachem.

"Again we crossed the bay which is very large, and has at least fifty islands in it, but the number is not known to the inhabitants. Night it was before we came to that side of the bay, where these people were; that night also, we rid at anchor aboard of the shallop.

"On the morrow, we went ashore, all but two men, and marched in arms up the country. Having gone three miles, we came to a place where corn had been newly gathered, a house pulled down and the people gone. A mile from here, Nanepashemet, their king, in his lifetime had lived. His house was not like others, but a scaffold was largely built with poles and planks, some six foot from the ground, and the house upon that, situated upon the top of a hill. Not far from hence in a bottom, we came to a fort built by their deceased king, in manner thus. There were poles some thirty or forty foot long, stuck in the ground as thick as they could be set, one by another, and with these they enclosed a ring some forty or fifty foot over. A trench



AN INDIAN FORT.

breast high was digged on each side, one way there was to go into it with a bridge. In the midst of this palisade stood the frame of a house, wherein being dead, he lay buried. About a mile from hence, we came to such another, but seated on the top of an hill, here Nane-pashemet was killed, none dwelling in it since the time of his death.

"At this place we stayed and sent two savages to look up the inhabitants, and to inform them of our ends in coming, that they might not be fearful of us.

"Within a mile of this place, they found the woman of the place, together with their corn on heaps, whither we supposed them to be fled for fear of us, and the more because in divers places, they had pulled down their houses, and in haste in one place had left some of their corn covered with a mat, and nobody with it. With much fear they entertained us at first, but seeing our gentle carriage toward them, they took

heart and entertained us in the best manner they could, boiling cod and such other things as they had for us. At length with much sending for, came one of their men, shaking and trembling for fear, but when he saw that we intended them no hurt, but came to truck, he promised us with his skins also. Of him we inquired for their queen, but it seemed she was far from thence, at least we could not see her.

"Here Tisquantum would have had us rifle the savage woman and taken their skins, and all such things as might be serviceable for us, 'for,' said he, 'they are a bad people and have oft threatened you;' but our answer was, 'were they never so bad, we would not wrong them, or give them any just occasion against us,' for their words we little weighed them, but if they once attempted anything against us, then we would deal far worse than he desired.

"Having spent the day, we returned to the shallop, almost all the women accompanying us to the shore. We promised them to come again to them, and they us to keep their skins.

"Within this bay, the savages say are two rivers, the one whereof we saw, having a fair entrance (probably the Neponset River), but we had no time to discover it. Better harbors for shipping cannot be than here are; at the entrance to the bay are many rocks, and in all likelihood good fishing-ground. Many, yea, most of the islands have been inhabited, some being cleared from end to end, but the people are all dead or removed. Our vituals growing scarce, the wind coming fair, and having a light moon, we set out at evening, and through the goodness of God came safely home before noon of the day following, with a considerable quantity of beaver, and a good report of the place, *wishing we had been seated there.*" [The place they landed and marched in arms up the country is supposed to be Squantum, named after Tisquantum.]

Such were the explorations in and about Massachusetts Bay previous to the settlement of Boston; no attempt being made for a permanent set-

tlement of Boston until 1622, when Mr. Thomas Weston sent over two ships with fifty or sixty men at his own expense to settle a plantation for him. They resorted to a place on the south side of Boston Harbor, called by the Indians Wessaquasset, afterward Weymouth.

Not succeeding to their mind and fearing destruction by the Indians with whom they had some trouble, they abandoned the design, and the plantation was broken up within a year from its commencement under the auspices of Mr. Weston.

Another attempt by Capt. Gorges to settle a plantation at the same place also failed. Early in 1624, Mr. David Thompson, a Scotchman, who the year before had begun a plantation near Piscataqua, now Portsmouth, N. H., and, disliking his place or employer, removed to Massachusetts Bay, and settled on what he called "a fruitful island," now Thompson's Island. Not long after this, several of the Plymouth people, among whom was Mr. Roger Conant, removed and settled at "Nantasket," now Hull, at the entrance to the harbor, where a building had before stood to accommodate those who traded with the Indians.

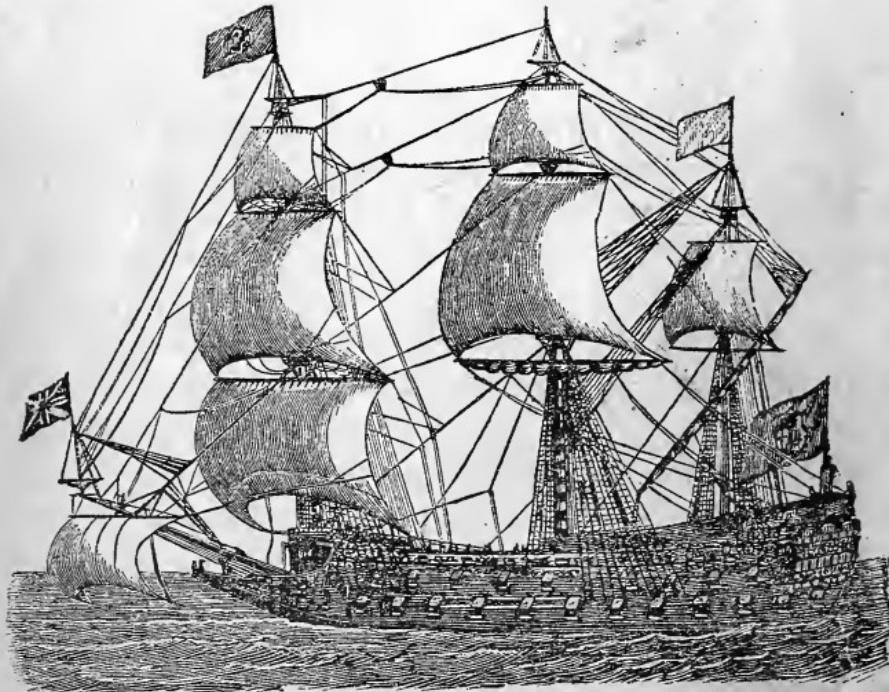
The only remaining party it seems necessary to mention is that brought over in 1625, by Capt. Woloston, and left at a place not far from Weston's, now called Mt. Wollaston. This enterprise was a speculation of Capt. Woloston's, and three or four partners, they brought with them a number of servants, with suitable provisions and other requisites to raise a plantation, and they might have effected their purpose well enough, had it not been that during the absence of the captain and his chief partner to Virginia, that Thomas Morton, a lawyer, of Furnival's Inn, London, persuaded them to turn out the lieutenant who had been left in command.

This counsel was easy to be taken, and so with Morton at their head, they spent their time in eating, drinking, and dancing merrily around a

May-pole with their Indian friends, as if they had found a mine, or spring of plenty, and changed the name of the place to "Merry Mount."

This "school of profanity," as it was called by the "God-fearing" colony that afterward settled Boston, was broken up by them soon after a regular government was settled in Massachusetts.

Having thus glanced at most if not all of the prior settlements, and attempts to settle in this region, we are now prepared to describe the permanent settlement of Boston Harbor by the English.



SHIP OF THE TIME OF THE PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER III.

SAILING OF THE WINTHROP FLEET.—INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE.—ARRIVAL OF THE “MARY AND JOHN.”—THE LANDING AT NANTASKET.—SETTLEMENT OF DORCHESTER.—REMAINDER OF THE FLEET ARRIVES AT SALEM.—THEY SETTLE AT BOSTON.—WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, THE FIRST SETTLER.

After the death of King James in 1625, Charles I. succeeded to the throne, who committed the government of the church to men of arbitrary principles, passionately fond of the established rites and ceremonies, and disposed to press the observance of them with rigid exactness, until at last the very name of bishop grew odious to the people, and they were forced to draw their swords in defence of their liberties, whereby the kingdom was involved in the horrors of a civil war.

This being the melancholy state of affairs, Rev. John White, minister of Dorchester, England, encouraged by the success of the Plymouth Colony, projected a new settlement in the Massachusetts Bay. Mr. White associated himself with several persons of quality about London, who petitioned the king to confirm their rights by a patent, which he did on the 4th of March, in the fourth year of his reign. Their general business was to be disposed and ordered by a Court, composed of a Governor, Deputy Governor, and eighteen Assistants. Their jurisdiction extended from three miles north of the Merrimack, to three miles south of the Charles River, and in length from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea.

Preparation began to be made with vigor for the embarkation of a great colony. By the end of February, 1630, a fleet of fourteen vessels was furnished with men, women and children. All necessary men of handicrafts and others of good condition, wealth and quality, to make a firm plantation.

In this fleet were congregated our forefathers, with their wives and little ones, about to quit forever their native country, kindred, friends, and acquaintances: they were about to leave the land of their fathers perhaps forever, to break asunder those cords of affection, which so powerfully bind a good man to his native soil, and to dissolve those tender associations which constitute the bliss of civil society. The fleet all sailed before the end of April, and on Monday, March 29, 1630, they were riding at anchor at Cowes, Isle of Wight. It was decided, that the "Arabella" (named in honor of Lady Arabella, wife of Mr. Johnson), a ship of 350 tons, Capt. Peter Melbourne, manned with fifty-two seamen and carrying twenty-eight guns, should be the admiral ship, the "Ambrose" rear admiral, and the "Jewel" a captain. By head winds and other causes they were delayed a week, during which they improved one day as a fast. On the 8th of April, about six in the morning, the wind being east and by north and fair weather, they weighed anchor and set sail. By daylight of the 9th, the admiral of the fleet reached Portland, and we will allow the scribe on board of that vessel to tell the story in his own way. He says, "As the other vessels were not able to hold up with us, we were forced to spare our mainsail, and went on with a merry gale. In the morning we descried from the top eight sail astern of us, and supposing they might be Dunkirken (Dunkirk was then a part of the Spanish Netherlands, and war existed between Great Britain and Spain), our captain caused the gun-room and gun-decks to be cleared, all the hammocks to be taken down, our ordnance loaded, powder chests and fire-works made

ready. Our landsmen were quartered among the seamen, twenty-five were appointed musketeers, and every man assigned to his post. The wind continued N. with fair weather, and after noon it calmed, and we still saw those eight ships stand toward us. Having more wind than we, they came up again so that our captain, and the masters of our consorts, were more occasioned to think they were Dunkirken, for we were told at Yarmouth, that there were ten sail of them waiting for us, whereupon we all prepared to fight with them, took down some cabins, which were in the way of our guns, threw out of each ship such bed matter as was subject to fire, hove out our long boat, and put on our waist-cloths, and drew forth our men, and armed them with muskets and other weapons and instruments of fireworks, and for an experiment our captain shot a ball of wild-fire, fastened to an arrow, out of a cross-bow, which burnt in the water a good time.

"The Lady Arabella, and the other women and children were removed to the lower deck, that they might be out of the way of danger.

"All things thus fitted, we went to prayer. It was much to see how cheerful and comfortable all the company appeared. Not a woman or child showed fear, though all apprehended the danger to be great, for there had been eight against four, and the least of the enemy's ships were reputed to carry thirty brass pieces. But our trust was in the Lord of Hosts, and courage of our captain, and his care and diligence did much to encourage us. It was now about one of the clock, and the fleet seemed to be within a league of us; therefore the captain to show that he would not be afraid of them, and that he might see the issue before night, tacked about, and stood to meet them, and when we came within hail, we perceived them to be our friends, and so, God be praised, our fear and danger was turned into mirth and friendly entertainment.

"The weather during the remainder of the voyage was variable,

sometimes mild and sometimes boisterous, the passengers as may be supposed suffered from sea-sickness, and that contributed to the amusement of the hardy sailors. Our children and others that were sick, and lay groaning in the cabins, we fetched out, and, having a rope stretched from the steerage to the mainmast, we made them stand, some on one side and some on the other, and swing it up and down till they were weary, and by this means they soon grew well and merry. The captain set our children and grown men to some other harmless exercise which the seamen were very active in, and which did our people much good, though the sailor would sometimes play the wag with them. Very strict attention to religious duties was observed, and the most rigid discipline enforced. On one occasion two of the landsmen were laid in the bolts (in irons), all night for piercing a rundlet of strong water, and stealing some of the same, and the next morning the principal was openly whipped, and both were kept on bread and water all day. Two young men falling at odds, and fighting contrary to orders, which was set up in the ships, were sentenced to walk upon deck until night, with their hands tied behind them, and another man for contemptuous speech *in our presence* was laid in bolts till he made open confession of the offence. A servant of one of the company had made a bargain with a child, to sell him a trinket-box worth three pence for three biscuit a day all the voyage, and the rogue had received about forty and sold them to his comrades before he was found out. We caused his hands to be tied up to a bar, and hung a basket full of stones about his neck, and so he stood for two hours. Thus they commenced their state with the maintenance of dignity, sobriety, good order and honesty.

"No accident of any moment occurred on board of the 'Arabella.' They saw one or two whales, one with a bunch on his back about a yard above water, and all the way were birds flying and swimming, when

they had no land near by two hundred leagues." On the 3d of June, they approached near enough to the coast to get soundings in eighty fathoms; they were regaling themselves with fish of their own catching. On the 8th, they had sight of Mt. Desert.

"So pleasant a scene here they had, as did much refresh them; and there came a smell off the shore, like the smell of a garden."

Noah could hardly have been more gratified to behold his dove with the olive leaf in her mouth than these people must have been to have received a visit from a wild pigeon and another small bird from land.

All day on the 11th, they stood to, and again within sight of Cape Ann. On Saturday, the 12th, at four in the morning, they gave notice of their approach, from a piece of ordnance, and sent their skiff ashore. In the course of the day, passing through the narrow strait between Baker's Island and another small island, they came to anchor in Salem Harbor. The other ships of the fleet came in daily, and by the 6th of July, thirteen out of fourteen had arrived safely without the loss of more than fifteen lives by sickness or accident. A day of public thanksgiving was therefore kept on the 8th of that month.

The other vessel, the "Mary & John," which brought over Messrs. John Warham and John Maverick with many Godly families from Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire, together with Edward Rositer and Roger Clap, who was afterward captain of the "Castle," in Boston Harbor, became separated from the fleet during the voyage, and was the first to arrive. They had some difficulty with Capt. Squib, who, "like a merciless man" (but he could hardly have been expected to do different, as the harbor was but little known, and he would have been in danger of losing his ship had he done as they desired), put them ashore on Nantasket Point, now called Hull, notwithstanding they held that he was engaged to bring them to the Charles River, yet he contended that they were then at the entrance of the river. This all took

place before the 14th of June, on which day the "Admiral," of the New England fleet, arrived in Salem, on which Gov. Winthrop and Mr. Isaac Johnson came as passengers. The following account written by Roger Clap of what happened after their landing may prove interesting.

"Capt. Squeb turned them and their goods ashore on ye point, leaving them in a forlorn wilderness destitute of habitation and most other comforts of life. But it pleased God that they got a Boat of some that had stayed in ye Country (I suppose for trade, for there was some at Noodles Island & at Charlestown that stayed in ye Country for Trade with ye Natives before these adventurers came over, as likewise Moreton of Merry Mount at Brantrey) and put their goods in ye Boat and Instead of Sailing up to Charles River in a Ship were forced (as I suppose) to Row up in a Boat it being about 3 Leagues to ye Mouth of ye River.

"They went up ye River untill it grew narrow & Shallow & then ashore & built a hut to shelter their Goods Intending there to set down, it being about ye place where Watertown now is. The Indians on their arrival Mustered thick, they thought about three hundred, but having with them, an Old Planter as they called him, one that had stayed in the Country and could speak something of the Indian Language (I suppose they took him from Charlestown that now is, for they called there and saw several Wigwams & one English Man in an House where they ate boiled Bass but had no Bread to eat with it) they sent him to ye Indians who were pursuaded to keep at a distance ye first night, and ye next morning when ye Indians appeared, they offered no violence but sent some of their number holding out a Bass, our people sent a man with a Biscuit & so they exchanged not only then, but often afterward a Biscuit for a Bass *and ye Indians were very friendly to them* which our people ascribed to God's watchful Providence over them in their weak beginnings, for all the Company were not gone up



FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE INDIANS.

ye River but about Ten men to seek out ye way for ye Rest. They were now landed on ye Main Continent, in a wild & unknown Wilderness, and they had brought Cattle with them which if they put them ashore they would likely wander & be lost and themselves likewise in seeking them. They had not stayed here at Watertown but a few days but ye Rest of their Company below had found out a neck of Land Joyning to a place called by ye Indians, Mattapan (now Dorchester) that was a fit place to turn their Cattle on to prevent their straying, so they sent to their friends to come away from Watertown, and they settled at Mattapan & turned their Cattle on Sd neck called Mattapannock, (now South Boston). They began their Settlement here at Mattapan ye beginning of June as I suppose or thereabouts A. D. 1630 and

changed ye name into Dorchesfer, Calling it Dorchester Plantation. Why they called it Dorchester I never knew, but there were some of Dorcer Shire & some of ye Town of Dorchester that settled here and it is very likely it might be in Honor of ye aforesaid Mr. White of Dorchester. Our People were Settled here a Month or two before Governor Winthrop and ye Ships that came with him arrived at Charlestow so that Dorchester Plantation was settled next to ye Town of Salem in Massachusetts Colony being before Charlestown or Boston And ye Church of Dorchester ye oldest church in ye Colony except Salem, and I suppose ye only Church that came over in Church Fellowship the other Churches being gathered here. The Indians here at Dorchester were also kind to our People.

"It seems many of these People were Trading men & at first designed Dorchester for a place of Trade, and accordingly built a fort at Rock Hill (Savin Hill) wherein were several Pieces of ordinance near ye Waterside but ye channel being poor & landing difficult, & Boston & Charlestown Harbor being far more commodious they desisted from that design & many of them removed afterward to Boston and other places, so many families about in the County had their Rise from Dorchester, there being here not a large quantity of Land to settle upon."

The annals of Dorchester, from which the above is quoted, describe the writer, Capt. Roger Clap, to be a very worthy, religious gentleman, who was then at the time of writing a young man, and to him we are indebted for the same, he leaving them in writing to his children.

His direct descendants still inhabit and own the original land settled on by Roger Clap in Dorchester, it never having passed out of the family.

Governor Winthrop, after his arrival at Salem, determined to remove to a point of land, since called Charlestown in honor of Charles I., and with his followers took up his abode there, and dwelt in the "Great



THE TRAMOUNT OR SHAWMUT.

House" which was built the year before by Mr. Thomas Graves while the "multitude" set up cottages, tents and booths. From the length of their passage over the Atlantic, many arrived sick with scurvy, which greatly increased afterward, through the want of proper houses to live and sleep in. Other distempers also prevailed, and although the people were very loving and kind to each other, yet so many were afflicted, that those few, who remained well, were unable to attend to them, and many died in consequence. Fewer dismal days did the first settlers experience than those they passed at Charlestown. In almost every family lamentation was heard, fresh food could not be obtained, and that which added to their distress was the want of fresh water, for although the place afforded plenty, yet for the present they could find but one spring, and that could not be reached except when the tide was down; this want of water was their principal cause of removal to Shawmut, now Boston, for notwithstanding the resolution of the principal men to build their town at Charlestown, the discouragements attendant on sickness and death caused many to be restless, and to think of other locations; in the mean time Mr. William Blackstone, who lived at Shawmut (which signifies, in the Indian language, living water, on account of the springs found there, and called by the new-comers Tra-

mount or Trimount, from its appearance from Charlestown of three large hills), learned of their distress, and, going over to their relief, advised them to remove to this peninsula. His advice was kindly received, and followed soon after. Thus Boston became settled by the English Puritans.

Probably the "Old Planter" referred to in Roger Clap's narrative (that they found when they went up Charles River, and that could speak the Indian language) was William Blackstone, for he was not



MR. BLACKSTONE'S RESIDENCE.

only the first known white settler of Boston, but to him is due the settlement there of the colony under Governor Winthrop.

This was acknowledged during the lifetime of the governor as shown in the records of Charlestown in these words: "Mr. Blackstone, dwelling on the other side of Charles River alone, at a place called by the Indians Shawmut, where he had a cottage at, or not far off from, the place called Blackstone Point (supposed to be near to where the depot of the Lowell railroad now stands) he came and acquainted the Govern-

or of an excellent spring, inviting and soliciting him thither. Whereupon, after the death of Mr. Johnson and divers others, the Governer and Mr. Wilson, and the greatest part of the church, removed thither; whither also the frame of the Governer's house was carried, when the people began to build their houses against winter, and this place was called Boston, which was named after Boston in Lincolnshire, England, from which place some of the settlers came from." Blackstone's house or cottage in which he lived, together with the nature of his improvements, was such as to authorize the belief that he had resided there some seven or eight years. He was a retired Episcopal clergyman, and was one of those who preferred solitude to society, and his theological ideas corresponded with those habits of life. How he became possessed of his lands here is not known; but it is certain he held a good title to them, which was acknowledged by the settlers under Winthrop, who in the course of time bought his lands of him, and he removed out of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. When he invited Winthrop to come over to his side of the river, he probably had no thought of removal himself, as it was some four years later when he changed his location. His selling out and leaving Boston was no doubt occasioned by his desire to live more retired, as well as a dislike to his Puritan neighbors. He said he "left England because of his dislike of the Lord Bishops, and now he did not like the Lord Bretheren." One of the new-comers writes about him as follows: "There were also some Godly Episcopalians, among whom may be reckoned Mr. Blackstone, who, by happening to sleep first in an old hovel, upon a point of land there, laid claim to all the ground, whereupon there now stands the whole metropolis of English America, until the inhabitants gave him satisfaction."

Blackstone retreated to that beautiful valley through which flows the Blackstone River, named in honor of him.

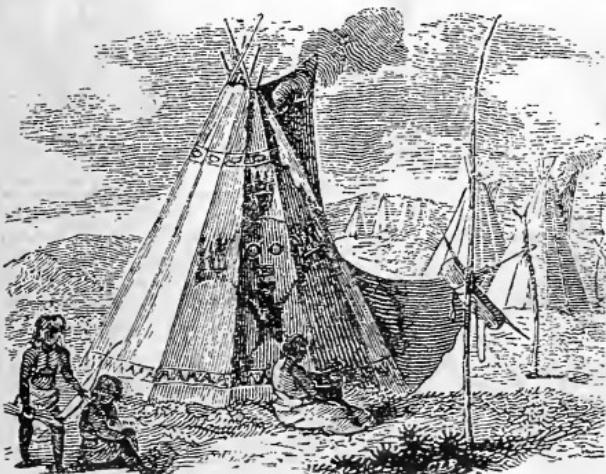
The Indians living to the north of Boston visited the settlement quite



INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE INDIANS AND GOV. WINTHROP.

frequently; but no intercourse was had for some time with the Massachusetts, living to the southward, whose principal residence was on the Neponset River. At the head of these was a chief named Chickataubut. He had learned probably that Indians who visited the new people at Shawmut fared well, and he resolved to venture among them to see what benefit they would be to him. Accordingly he mustered up considerable men, who with their wives made their appearance at the dwelling of the Governor; and, to satisfy him that they had not come out of idle curiosity, he presented him with a hogshead of Indian corn. The Governor could not be outdone in generosity, in so important a state affair; and therefore he provided a dinner for the whole company. The Governor allowed Chickataubut to dine with him at his own table, where he behaved himself as soberly as an Englishman. The next day,

after dawn, they returned home, the Governor giving him some cheese, and peas, and a mug, and several other small things.



CHICKATAUBUT'S ENCAMPMENT

CHAPTER IV.

EVENTS IN BOSTON THAT LED TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.—STAMP ACT.—THROWING THE TEA INTO THE HARBOR.—BOSTON MASSACRE.—SEIZURE OF MUNITIONS OF WAR.—BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.—BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY.—SIEGE OF BOSTON.

As the history of Boston Harbor and its Islands is closely connected with the Revolutionary War, it will not be out of place in this chapter to give a synopsis of the principal events that occurred in Boston and its vicinity that led to the struggle for independence; as Boston was foremost in opposition to the encroachments of the British Government on the colonies, and was selected as the first to experience the rigor of the mother country when it was determined to use force to overcome the rebellious spirit that was fast growing in America. The taxing of America was first moved in Parliament in March, 1764. The result was, the Stamp Act, imposing a tax upon all notes, bonds, paper, and so forth.

The reception of the news of the passage of this Act was received with universal indignation, which was boldly expressed in Boston.

The stamp agents were compelled to resign, and the act wholly disregarded. It stirred up the people to a sense of the wrong attempted to be inflicted upon them; and they found in the descendants of the sturdy Puritans, who had never entertained any very exalted reverence for kingly prerogatives or monarchical rule, a class prepared to assert their rights and willing to fight against oppression.

Trouble soon arose between the government troops and the towns-

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVELL'S ISLAND.—ITS POSITION, FORM, AND SIZE.—THE GREAT ROCK AND ITS SAD HISTORY.—THE ISLAND GRANTED TO CHARLESTOWN IN 1636.—SOLD TO BOSTON IN 1782.—WRECK OF THE "MAGNIFIQUE."—THE MAN-OF-WAR "AMERICA."—GEORGE'S ISLAND FORMERLY PEMBERTON'S ISLAND.—BOUGHT BY BOSTON AND CONVEYED TO THE UNITED STATES.—DESCRIPTION OF FORT WARREN.—CONFINEMENT OF MASON AND SLIDELL IN SAME.—REBEL PRISONERS CONFINED THERE DURING THE REBELLION.

Northeast of Gallop's Island is situated Lovell's Island, which is about a third of a mile in width, and three-quarters of a mile in length. On the northerly point a sea-wall has been erected to prevent the washing away of this exposed part of the island. It contains one hill, with marshes to the north, east, and south, and several salt-water ponds. On the top of the hill may be seen, as the reader passes by the island, a large boulder, that has served for many generations as a comfortable cooking place. About fifty years ago, in mid-winter, in the dead of night, a coaster from Maine struck on Ram's Head, a shoal on its northerly point, causing immediate shipwreck; and, although the passengers, fifteen in number, succeeded in landing safely, and procuring shelter under the lee of the great rock, they all froze to death before morning, it being one of the coldest nights of the year, the thermometer being below zero. On the morning succeeding this dreadful event, the bodies were found closely huddled together in the eternal sleep of death. Two young persons, who were about to be married, and who

buried at Hull. The island was then occupied by the well-known "Joe Snow," and became a famous resort for pleasure parties, and his name will long be remembered by the numerous persons who have partaken of his good cheer and remarkable style of his hospitality.

Soon after the breaking-out of the Rebellion, the island was lent to the Government by the City of Boston, which purchased it in 1860 of Charles Newcomb for \$6,500, and it was used as a rendezvous for enlisted soldiers, its green hill being covered with tents and barracks, and its turf trodden down, and its pleasant appearance almost blotted out. At the close of the war, the establishment at Gallop's Island became unnecessary, and the island was deserted by the soldiery, and the barracks consequently vacated, and the buildings turned over to the city, and the island was annexed to the quarantine establishment of the city, in view of the danger of a threatening infectious disease, which would require more than ordinary quarantine accommodation, and which fortunately was never put into use by the advent of the much-dreaded disease.

by other localities. Bird Island, the flats at the entrance of the Charles River, the Common, and the Neck are frequently alluded to as the places of execution and burial of criminals. John Quelch and his six companions in piracy were hung on June 13, 1704; Thomas Hawkins, a young man of the most respectable connections in the province, was executed, with his nine associates, Jan. 27, 1689. Samuel Bellamy and his six pirates paid their forfeit in May, 1717; and Archer and White were gibbeted on an island June 2, 1724, for piracy. Probably most of these pirates met their fate on this island, as it was the principal place in the harbor for the execution of pirates.

Southeast of Nix's Mate is Gallop's Island, which takes its name from Captain John Gallop, who was the first owner of the island, and also the proprietor of Nix's Mate; and at his death, in January, 1649, was valued at £15, and was estimated to contain sixteen acres, and was at a very early date under the jurisdiction of the town of Hull. The easterly part of the island is formed into a low Beachy Point, so called, being composed chiefly of small stones and gravel. This has always been noted as one of the most fertile of the islands in the harbor, and has from time immemorial been cultivated as a farm, in the days of the old quarantine regulations, the occupants supplying the vessels in the Hospital Roads with vegetables and milk, and pure water from a never-failing spring.

On the north side is a very abrupt and high bluff, surrounded by a sea wall. Upon the top of the bluff earth-works were thrown up during the Revolution for defensive purposes, which added to the discomfiture of the British after the evacuation of Boston.

In April, 1812, Mr. Caleb Rice of Hingham sold the island to Lemuel Rackett of Quincy for the sum of \$1,630; in 1819, Peter Newcomb, the then tenant of the island, bought it for \$1,815, and it was frequently called Newcomb's Island. Mr. Newcomb died in April, 1833, and was

day, and was better acquainted with the harbor than any other man of his time. To his ability as a pilot and fisherman he added that of a good fighter; for on one occasion, when on a trading voyage to Block island, that lies off the coast of Rhode Island, he and his two young sons and boatman heroically fought fourteen Indians on board a boat they had captured belonging to John Oldham of Boston, whom the Indians had killed. Gallop and his party killed all the Indians but one, whom he brought with him to Boston.

There is a story connected with this island, that the mate of a certain Captain Nix was executed upon it for the killing of his master; and that he, to the time of his death, insisted upon his innocence, and told the hangman, that, in proof of it, the island would be washed away.

The island was used for many years for the execution and burial of pirates, and an account of a case which happened many years ago may not be out of place in this connection. It is thus given in the *Boston News Letter*, published July 14, 1726: —

“ On Tuesday the twelfth instant, about 3 P. M., were executed here for Piracy, Murder, &c., three of the condemned Persons mentioned in our last, viz., William Fly, Capt., Samuel Cole, Quartermaster, and Henry Greenville; the other viz. Gorge Condick, was Reprieved at the place of execution for a Twelve Month and a day, and is to be recommended to His Majesty’s Grace and Favor. Fly behaved himself very unbecoming even to the last; however advised Masters of Vessels not to be severe and Barbarous to their Men, which might be a reason why so many turned Pirates; the other Two seem’d Penitent, beg’d that others might be warned by ‘em. Their Bodies were carried in a Boat to a small Island call’d Nicks’s-Mate, about 2 Leagues from the Town, where the abovesaid Fly was hung up in Irons, as a Spectacle for the Warning of others, especially Sea faring Men; the other Two were buried there.”

The infamous notoriety which this island bore was equally shared

CHAPTER XIII.

NIX'S MATE, FORMERLY AN ISLAND.—GRANTED TO CAPTAIN JOHN GALLOP.—FORM AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE MONUMENT.—ORIGIN OF ITS NAME.—A PLACE OF EXECUTION FOR PIRATES.—EXECUTION OF WILLIAM FLY AND OTHERS.—GALLOP'S ISLAND.—GRANTED TO JOHN GALLOP.—PURCHASED BY THE CITY OF BOSTON.—FAMOUS PLACE FOR PLEASURE PARTIES.—OLD JOE SNOW.—RENDEZVONS FOR SOLDIERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.—USED FOR QUARANTINE.

After passing Long-Island light, and the beacon on the southerly end of Deer Island, the reader will come in sight of a peculiarly shaped monument, a tall pyramid upon a square stone base, the whole about thirty-two feet in height, and resting on what, at low tide, appears to be an extensive shoal covered with stones of a suitable size for ballast for vessels. This shoal, of about an acre in extent, is what remains of a once respectable island, as far as size is concerned; as may be seen by the following record made in 1636:—

“There is twelve acres of land granted to John Gallop, upon Nixes Island, to enjoy to him & his heirs forever, if the island be so much.”

There was once enough land on this island to answer for pasture ground; and less than a hundred years back, the island was used for the purpose of grazing sheep. William Gallop was a noted pilot in his



NIX'S MATE.

fifty-five years previous sold the the island to English planters and settlers. At the same time, David, son and heir of Sagamore George, relinquished the right which he claimed to Deer Island. At this time Mr. Samuel Shrimpton, an extensive land owner, had become possessed of Sir Thomas Temple's lease. The town renewed the lease for 18 years on the same terms, he having paid £19 to the sachem and other Indians for ratifying the ancient grant of Chickataubut.

Not long after this, the intolerant and troublesome Sir Edmund Andros, who unrightfully held the position of Governor of New England, caused writs to be issued against the tenant, which the town determined to resist; and, finally, the usurper was seized and imprisoned. But fortunately, the revolution occurring in England, the whole matter ceased, and the town and its tenant were left in quiet possession of the island, which the town has continued to hold, without further hindrance, until the present time.

The island is now used by the city as a place for its institutions, such as the House of Industry, which was removed from South Boston in 1848, and the House of Reformation and Alms-House, which were removed from the same place in 1858. The large brick building which forms one of the principal land-marks in the harbor was built in 1850. In 1869, a building for a farm-house, and another for pauper girls, were erected.

A considerable portion of the easterly shore of this island having been washed away in storms, a sea-wall has been erected there for its better protection, and that of the harbor, which is much injured by the washings from the bluffs of this and other islands. So great is the wear from the headlands of Deer Island, that quite an extensive bar has been created by the above-named cause, extending a considerable distance from its northerly point toward Gut Plain upon Point Shirley, and another called Fawn Bar, from its easterly head toward the ledge of rock known as the Graves, in an easterly direction.

Ruggles then put up a building on the island to be used as a pound for swine and goats, for which he received the sum of £7, 15s. 6d.

An order was passed in 1644, to lease the island to James Penn and John Oliver for three years, at the rate of seven pounds a year. The income of the island was applied to school purposes. The inhabitants of the town were still granted the privilege of cutting wood on the island, provided that they carried it off, or set it on heaps, "that it might not be spoyled, nor hinder the feed of cattell."

Mr. Edward Bendall next leased it for a term of twenty-one years, he to leave at the end of his term a supply of wood for the maintenance of one family forever, and also fruit trees he should plant there; but, as Mr. Bendall did not pay his rent there, the constable was sent to distrain for the rent, and a month later Mr. James Bill was debarred from cutting any more wood there, as there only remained enough for a farm.

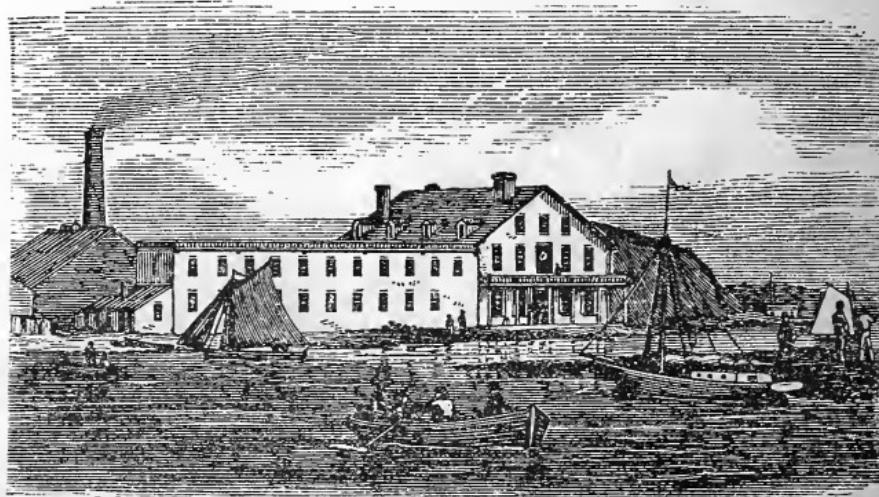
The constable seems to have had lively times among the inhabitants of the different islands; for none of them seem to have been able to pay their rent.

In 1662, Sir Thomas Temple leased the island for thirty-one years, at the rate of fourteen pounds a year, to be applied to school purposes; and he is allowed "to clear the swamp on the said island of all timber trees whatever, and allsoe what other woode is vpon the said island, excepting some timber trees," and so, probably, came to an end all the trees which formerly grew upon the island.

About this time several of the Massachusetts Indians laid claim to Deer Island. This claim was met with in a conciliatory manner by the townsmen of Boston, who appointed a person to arrange with the Indians, and purchase their claim. Wampatuck and three other Indians executed a quit-claim to the selectmen of the town of the property claimed, acknowledging that his grandfather, Chickataubut, had about

liberty to gett for their vse at Deare Island, so as yt they psently take & carrie away what they doe gett, & whatsoeuer they have felled there to be at liberty for others to take away."

If they had known the mischief that would ensue from this order, it is very questionable whether they would have passed it; for now it is with the greatest difficulty that trees can be made to grow upon the island, on account of the easterly sea-winds which are so unpropitious



POINT SHIRLEY.

to their cultivation. A few willows and silver-leaf poplars of quite recent planting are now the only trees on the island.

In 1641, an order was passed by the town, authorizing that trespassing swine which should be suffered to roam about the town insufficiently yoked, and goats found without a keeper, should be sentenced to Deer Island for a time. Now a different kind of trespassers are sent there, that have proved to be of more trouble to the city than the swine and goats, inasmuch as they have transgressed the laws knowingly. John

erally supplying the occupants of the island with ice for the summer months, and the latter affording refreshing water for the cattle.

Deer Island took its name from the fact that deer formerly visited and occupied its ancient groves, which have long since been cut down for fuel and lumber. Mr. William Wood, in his "New-England Prospect," printed in 1634, says,—

"The chiefe Islands which keep out the Winde and Sea from disturbing the Harbours, are first Deare Iland, which lies within a flight-shot of Pulling point. This Iland is so called, because of the Deare which often swimme thither from the Maine, when they are chased by the Woolves: Some have killed sixteene Deare in a day upon this Iland. The opposite shore is called Pulling point, because that is the usuall Channel Boats use to passe thorow into the Bay; and the Tyde being very strong, they are constrainyd to goe a-shore, and hale their Boats by the seasing, or roades, whereupon, it was called Pulling point."

What was known formerly as "Pulling Point" is now called Point Shirley, on which is built the Point-Shirley House, commonly known as Taft's, and celebrated for the game dinners served there.

In 1634, this island, together with Long Island and Hog Island, were granted in perpetuity to Boston for the nominal rent of two pounds; and this amount was reduced to four shillings, and Spectacle Island thrown in beside, and the original grant was confirmed by the Colonial Legislature. Then terminated all the right of the colony to the island, and the Province and Commonwealth has never set up any claim since to its territory, but the ownership has remained vested in the town and city of Boston.

At this time the island appears to have been of no special use to the inhabitants except to procure fire-wood from; for an order was passed in 1636, as follows:—

"Also it is agreed yt ye Inhabitants who doe want wood, shall have

CHAPTER XII.

DEER ISLAND.—ITS SIZE, HILLS, BLUFFS, AND PONDS.—ORIGIN OF ITS NAME.—IT SUPPLIES FIREWOOD TO THE INHABITANTS OF BOSTON.—USED AS A PRISON FOR SWINE AND GOATS.—JOHN RUGGLES BUILDS ON THE ISLAND.—LEASED TO SIR THOMAS TEMPLE.—DESTRUCTION OF ALL THE FOREST ON THE ISLAND.—THE SACHEM WAMPATUCK AND OTHER INDIANS CLAIM THE ISLAND.—SIR EDMUND ANDROS ATTEMPTS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE ISLAND.—IS NOW USED FOR THE CITY INSTITUTIONS.

Deer Island lies directly north of the East Head of Long Island, between which is the main ship-channel. It is separated from the town of Winthrop by Shirley Gut, a passage the narrowest part of which measures about three hundred and twenty-five feet. The island is nearly a mile in width, and contains about one hundred and thirty-four acres of upland and fifty acres of marsh, making one hundred and eighty-four acres in all. Besides a large amount of flats more than equal to all the upland and marsh, it has two hills and four bluffs which are known by the names of North Head, East Head, and South Head (or Money Head), Graveyard Bluff (a small projection on the southwesterly part of the island), and Signal Hill in the central part of the island. The South Head took the name of Money Head in consequence of the money-digging affair that occurred there some years ago. North and south of Signal Hill are two small fresh-water ponds; the northerly known as Ice Pond, and the southerly as Cow Pond,—the former gen-

tained from any of the eminences upon the other islands in the harbor. The head was fast disappearing from the effects of storms and currents till recently, when the U. S. Government erected a substantial sea-wall around it, thus protecting it from the encroachments of the sea.

On the southeasterly side of the island is a cove which is used as a harbor by the fishermen for their small boats. It is protected from the rough water by a projecting beach, which is fast being washed away. Near this small harbor is quite a fishing village inhabited mostly by Portuguese, who have superseded the native American fishermen on account of their cheap way of living, which is a very similar case to that of the Chinese on the Pacific coast.

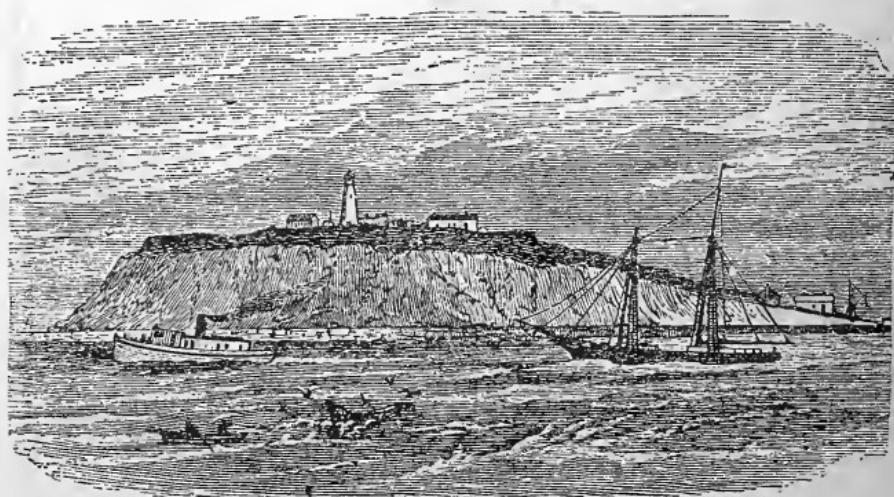
The fishing is now done to a great extent all along the New-England coast by Portuguese; not that they are any better fishermen or as good as the native American, but on account of their working cheaper. Excursionists can go ashore here and purchase fresh boiled lobsters at an exceedingly low price.

Long Island is one of the pleasantest islands in the harbor for summer residences, and will in time probably prove a desirable resort for such purposes, unless the city takes possession of the island, and removes the various city institutions to it, which may be the case in the course of time, as the matter is now under consideration.

During the Rebellion the island was used as a conscript camp, and rendezvous for Massachusetts soldiers previous to their being mustered into the service of the United States.

During the last century the island was used for farming purposes, and families resided upon it; but lately it has been put to but little use except for pasturage.

In 1819 a lighthouse was erected on the East Head. Its tower is twenty-two feet in height, and is built of iron, painted white, with a black lantern containing nine burners, and is about eighty feet above the level of the sea, and shows a white fixed light that can be seen on a clear night about fifteen miles. It has for its object the guidance of vessels up the roads of the harbor. It is situated in a square enclosure of ground on the summit of the Head. Within the square is a comfortable stone house for the keeper, and a remarkably good well of water.



LONG-ISLAND LIGHT.

Near the lighthouse was the redoubt erected by Washington's army during the Revolutionary War for the purpose of driving the British fleet out of the harbor, where they remained after the evacuation of Boston. The redoubt was destroyed a few years ago to make place for the more extensive fortification now in process of construction on the summit of the Head.

The prospect from this Head is surpassed by none that can be ob-

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

of the title sustained, and the title proved good to the grantees from the
fropwn.

In course of time, the title became vested, by purchase of the renters, of n Mr. John Nelson of Boston, the heroic person who in 1689, at the Phead of the soldiery, made Sir Edmund Andros surrender himself and t the fort on Fort Hill to the incensed colonists whose rights he was then in usurping. Mr. Nelson was a patriot of considerable note in his day. He was a near relative to Sir Thomas Temple, who figured quite promi- w nently this side of the Atlantic in colony times.

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FISHERMEN'S HOUSES, LONG ISLAND.

The island passed through various hands till 1847. Then the Long- Island Company bought all the island except the East Head, built a substantial wharf, and erected the Long-Island House, laid out streets, and cut the land up into building-lots, and started a real-estate specula- tion on the island, which, however, did not succeed, for but a few buildings were erected.

place

69

Island and Hog Island, in April, 1634, for the annual rent of pounds for the three. Very soon after the acquirement of the island the town of Boston began to apportion it out to various persons for improvement; and the felling of the trees, with which it was well wood on the arrival of the first settlers of the town, took place in real earnest, and it was not long before it was so divested of its forests as to become only fit for the pasturage of cattle, sheep, and swine.

In February, 1639, at a town meeting, it was directed that the island should be laid out into lots for planters, the record of which is to be found in the first volume of the town records, on the fortieth page, and reads as follows: —

“ At this meeting o'r brother Edward Rainsford & Willyam Hud
are appointed to accompany ye surveyor to lay out the planting ground
at Long Iland & they are to beginne at the east end; & if any have be-
stowed any labor vpon yt wch shall fall to another man, he who shall
enjoy ye benefitt thereof shall eyther allow for ye charge, or cleare so
much for ye other.”

Here we find an early practical application of the principle of the betterment law, with a view of fair treatment of pre-occupants and squatters. The affairs were managed on this island precisely the same as on Spectacle Island; the town relinquishing the island to the planters, they to pay a yearly rent to be applied to the benefit of the free schools. The planters not paying, the constable was sent to them to distrain for the rent. Failing in this, the island was sold, and passed into private hands, free of all encumbrances.

Most of the islands in the harbor had at some period of their history claimants in the shape of Indians; but Long Island was claimed by no less a dignitary than the Right Honorable William, Earl of Sterling, who in 1641 recorded a protest by his agent, James Forrett, against Edward Tomlins and others as intruders on Long Island. This claim was

of the provincials, who fought with the utmost bravery, and kept them from advancing farther than the beach.

It must be acknowledged that the regulars evinced a courage worthy of a better cause; but all their efforts were insufficient to compel the provincials to retreat till the main body had left the hill. The loss to the New-England army was one hundred and forty-five killed and missing, and three hundred and four wounded. Thirty of the first were wounded and taken prisoners. Among the dead was Maj. Gen. Joseph Warren, and Col. Gardner and Parker afterward died of their wounds. The British loss was ten hundred and fifty-four, according to the official return. Of these, two hundred and twenty-six were killed, including nineteen officers, and eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded, including seventy officers.

General William Howe had command of the British troops on Bunker Hill. He said to his men before marching on the hill, "I shall ^e desire one of you to go a step farther than where I go myself at ^y head;" and, true to his word, he led his men into the entrenchments.

The American force was commanded by Gen. Putman, Col. Prescott, and Gen. Warren. When the Americans were driven back, Warren was the last man to leave the works. He was a short distance from the redoubt when a musket ball passed through his head, killing him instantly. He was left on the field; for all were flying in the greatest confusion, pursued by the victors, who remorselessly bayoneted those who fell by the way.

Warren's body was identified the morning after the battle; and he was buried where he fell, and the place marked.

Both Putman and Prescott were experienced officers, having served in the French and Indian wars.

Gen. Washington took command of the American forces at Cambridge, July 2, and every pass to Boston was effectually guarded, and the town placed in a state of siege.

CHAPTER V.

EXCURSION NO. I FROM ROWE'S WHARF TO NANTASKET BEACH.—FORT POINT, AND THE OLD SCONCE BATTERY.—CHARLESTOWN, BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT, AND NAVY YARD.—DESCRIPTION OF EAST BOSTON, FORMERLY CALLED NODDLE'S ISLAND.—SOUTH BOSTON, FORMERLY CALLED MATTAPANNOCK.—WASHINGTON AT DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.—THE BRITISH ARE COMPELLED TO EVACUATE BOSTON.

Having given a slight history of the early settlement of Boston Harbor, we will now endeavor to describe the harbor, its islands, roads, channels, rocks, and spits. Instead of parading them in a tabular statement, in an alphabetical order, the plan will be pursued of laying out several routes to take to enjoy a day down the harbor, describing the various objects that may be seen on a day's excursion.

EXCURSION NO. I.

From Rowe's Wharf on Atlantic Avenue to Nantasket Beach.

Rowe's Wharf, our starting-point, is situated on what was called in the olden time Fort Point, in consequence of the old fortification, which stood upon Fort Hill, just inland of it, and called the Old Sconce, or South Battery. This fort was the first erected in Boston, after its settlement, by order of Governor Winthrop. Both the fort and the hill have now disappeared. Starting from the wharf, the reader will soon find himself in the stream of the main ship-channel. The first thing that will attract his attention, looking toward the northwest, is Charlestown,

on which may be perceived a tall granite shaft that marks the site of the Battle of Bunker Hill, which was described in the previous chapter.

Toward the water's edge, situated on the easterly end of Charlestown, will be perceived several large sheds, factories, and so forth, and men-of-war lying in the stream. This is the Charlestown Navy Yard. The point of land on which it is situated divides the Charles and Mystic Rivers, which here form a junction, and enter the harbor. Now, by looking to the northeast, another point of land will be observed, closely built over and surrounded by wharves and shipping, prominent among which will be observed the Cunard steamers, which can be recognized by their red funnels. This large island is known as East Boston, formerly called Noddle's Island, and probably took its name from William Noddle, whom Governor Winthrop calls "an honest man of Salem," for he was here early enough to have given to the island the name which it bore in 1630, though Mr. Samuel Maverick appears to have been a resident on it some years previous to that time.

As far back as 1631, an order was passed by the Court of Assistants restraining persons from putting cattle, felling wood, or taking slate from Noddle's Island; and again in 1632 it was ordered "That noe person whatsoever shall shoothe att fowle vpon Noddles Ileland but that the place shalbe for John Perkins to take fowle with netts." But on the first of April, 1633, the following sensible order was passed by the Court: "Noddle's Ileland is granted to Mr. Samll Mauack (Maverick) to enjoy to him & heires for ever Yielding & payeing yearly att the Genrall Court to the Gounr, for the time being either a fatt weather a fatt hog or xls in money & shall giue leave to Boston & Charles Town to fetch wood contynually as their needs requires from the southerne pte of sd ileland."

Either the island was extremely well wooded at the time the order was passed, or the towns of Boston and Charlestown were very sparsely inhabited. Nowadays very little wood except chips from the ship-

yards can be obtained from Noddle's Island, for the oldest inhabitant can only remember two trees growing upon the island previous to its purchase by the East Boston Co. in 1833. At that time the island did not contain one-tenth as many inhabitants as at the present time.

Noddle's Island was "laid to Boston" on the 9th of March, 1636-7. It originally contained six hundred and sixty-three acres. Its nearest approach to Boston is over the ship-channel by ferry, and is connected with the main land by two bridges, and with Hog Island by another. The houses on this Island were destroyed during the siege of Boston, and were rebuilt shortly after from the old barracks used by Washington's army at Cambridge.

On looking to the Southward, a long neck of land will be observed, on which are numerous churches, manufactories, and public buildings; this is South Boston, and is the neck of land described in Roger Clap's narrative as "ye neck of land called by the Indians Mattapanock," on which the settlers turned their cattle to prevent their straying, for it is connected to the main land by a narrow strip of marsh which was easily fenced. South Boston was formerly a part of Dorchester; and the high land which can be distinguished by a large square white building on it, the "Blind Asylum," is what is known in history as Dorchester Heights. On the night of March 4, 1776, Washington took possession of these Heights, where earth-works were immediately thrown up, and in the morning the British found their enemy entrenched in a strong position both for offence and defence. A fortunate storm prevented the execution of Gen. Howe's plan of dislodging the Americans, and by the 17th of March his position in Boston became so critical that an instant evacuation of the town became imperatively necessary, for these Heights commanded the town. Before noon of that day, the whole British fleet was under sail, and Gen. Washington was marching triumphantly into Boston. The British fleet anchored down the harbor, where their movements will be noticed in other chapters.

CHAPTER VI.

BIRD-ISLAND SHOAL ONCE AN ISLAND AND PLACE OF EXECUTION FOR PIRATES.—WINTHROP'S OR GOVERNOR'S ISLAND IS GRANTED TO GOV. WINTHROP.—PECULIAR TERMS OF TENURE TO SAME.—PORTION OF THE ISLAND BOUGHT BY THE GOVERNMENT.—FORT WINTHROP BUILT.—DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT.

The reader is now in a fair condition to proceed down the harbor. When we say down the harbor, we do not mean beyond the Boston outer light. If we go beyond the light, we call it "going outside," which includes several shoals and sounds, and extends to the outermost rocks and ledges off the coast. Following the main ship-channel, and pursuing a southeasterly course from the starting-point, we leave Bird-Island Shoal to the left, which can be distinguished by a beacon on the easterly end. The shoal is composed of gravel and loose stones, and was formerly the site of an island, which was of some value, and contained a respectable marsh, which was mowed annually, which is confirmed by the following record taken from the old town books March 26, 1650: "Thos. Munt hath liberty to mow the marsh at Bird Island this yeare." It is also said that it was sometimes used as a place of execution and burial of pirates in the olden time. The shoal, which makes quite a show at low water, is all that now remains of the island. At high water it is all covered.

The next island to the southeast is Governor's, or, as it is sometimes called, Winthrop's Island, because the island was granted to Governor Winthrop very early by the Colonial Legislature. This noted island first

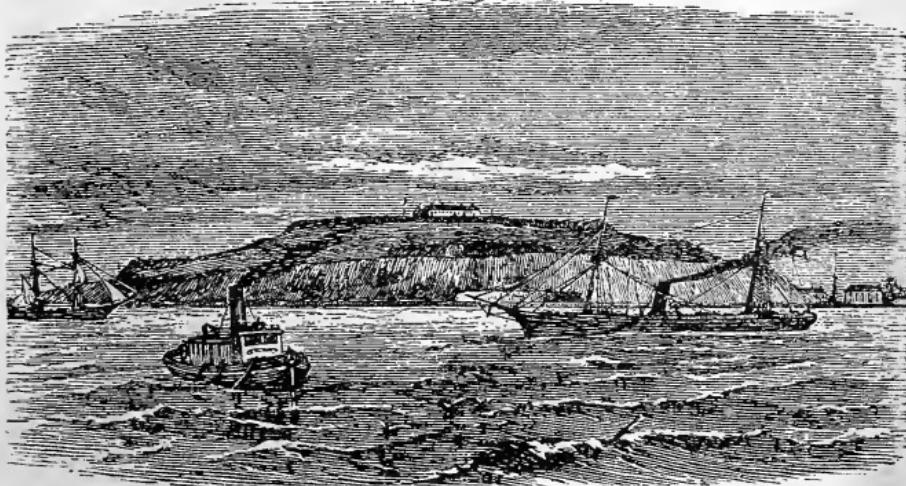
took its name from Roger Conant, a distinguished early settler of Plymouth. The first known of this island is that on July 2, 1631, it was "appropriated to publique benefits and vses." But in the same month we are told the "Friendship" set sail for Christopher's Island, and ran aground behind Conant's Island, which was hard treatment for "Friendship." On the 3d of April, 1632, at a Court of Assistants, "the island called Conant's island, with all the liberties & privileges of fishing and fowleing, was demised to John Winthrop Esq. the psent Gounr., and it was further agreed that the said John Winthrop did covenant and prmise to plant a vineyard and an orchyard in the same, and that the heirs or assigns of the said John Winthrop for one & twenty yeares payeing yearly to the Gounr. the fifth parts of all such fruits & proffits as shalbe yearly raysed out of the same, and the lease to be renewed from time to time vnto the heirs & assigns of the said John Winthrop, & the name of the said ileland was changed & is to be called the Goun'r's Garden."

It seems that the excellent Governor did not suffer the garden to go unimproved, though perhaps some of his modern successors would do so rather than keep a vineyard and provide fruit for the Legislature. It is surmised that the good old Puritan ancestors were not Prohibitionists, but had an eye to the wine vats when they looked out for the "fifth part" of the proceeds of the garden, as will be shown by the following record:—

"Whereas the yearly rent of the Goun'r's Garden was the fifth pte of all the ffruict that shall growe there, it is ordered by their present Court, (att the request of John Winthrop Esq.), that the rent of the said ileland shalbe a hogshead of the best wine that growe there to be paid yearly after the death of the said John Winthrop, and noething before."

It is to be feared that the vineyard failed, though the orchard flourished; for it appears that in 1640 a vote was passed by which John Winthrop and his heirs should pay only 2 bushels of apples each year,

one bushel to the Governor & another to the generall court in winter — the same to be the best apples there growing.” The records show that in the fall of the same year that Mr. Winthrop senior paid in his bushel of apples to the General Court, and the other bushel to Thomas Dudley, his successor in office that year. It is supposed that the apples were faithfully paid in every year, and that each of the members of the General Court carried home his pockets full; for again in 1642 the following significant entry appears on the records: “The bushell of apples was



FORT WINTHROP.

paid in.” How long this practice continued is not known; certainly it did not reach to modern times, for it would have been hard for some years past to find any apples except “apples of the earth,” with which to have fulfilled the contract.

The island continued in the possession of the Winthrop family till 1808, when a portion of it was sold to the Government for the purpose of erecting a fort, which, when built, was called Fort Warren, in respect to Gen. Joseph Warren. This name, however, has since been transferred to another fort erected on George’s Island; and the new fortifica-

tion now in process of erection on the summit of the high hill on the island has been named Fort Winthrop, in remembrance of the first Governor to whom it was first granted. The fort which is now in process of construction is of great strength. It has a commanding position, and the batteries are nearly all underground, and connected with the Citadel (the top of which can be seen on the highest part of the island) with underground passages, and the water battery that will be observed on the southerly side of the island is of great advantage to the defence, controlling as it does a large extent of flats which are very shoal except at the highest tides. Although the defences of this island do not show very much from the water front on account of their being underground, yet on this very account it will be almost impregnable when finished, and will be by far the strongest fortress in the harbor.

CHAPTER VI.

ATTEMPT TO LOCATE A FORT IN THE HARBOR.—FORT AT CASTLE ISLAND UNDERTAKEN.—DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT BY CAPT. JOHNSTON AND CAPT. ROGER CLAP.—THE CASTLE ABANDONED.—ARRIVAL OF LA TOUR AND FRIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS.—CASTLE BURNT.—DESTROYED BY THE BRITISH.—REBUILT AND CALLED FORT INDEPENDENCE.—EXECUTIONS THERE DURING THE REBELLION.

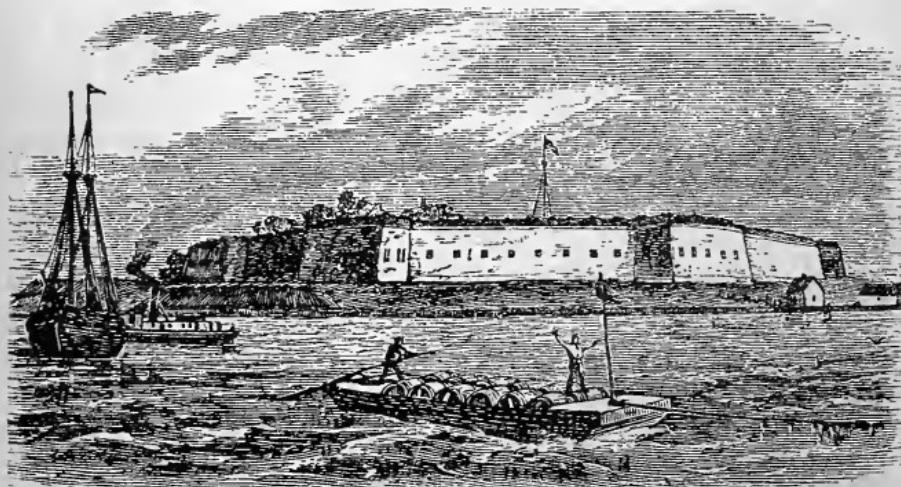
Having passed Fort Winthrop by way of the main ship-channel, the next island we will notice will be Castle Island, which is directly opposite to Fort Winthrop to the southward, and can be easily recognized by the granite fortress and earthwork, it being one of the most prominent forts in Boston Harbor. Very soon after the settlement of Boston the civil authorities began to consider the question of erecting defences in the harbor, in addition to the fort on Fort Hill. The first place thought of was Hull, at the entrance to the harbor; and an expedition to the same is thus chronicled by Governor Winthrop in his valuable journal, February, 1632:—

“The Governr & 4 of the Assistants, with 3 of the Ministrs & others, about 26 in all, went in 3 boats to view Nantaskott the wind W., faire weather; but the winde arose N. W. so strong & extreme colde, that they were kept there 2 nights, being forced to lodge vpon the ground, in an open cottage, vpon a little olde strawe, which they pulled from the thache. Their victualls allso grewe shorte, so they were forced to eat muskles, yet they were very weary, & came all safe home, the 3 days after, through the Lord’s spec’le providence. Vpon view of the place

it was agreed by all that to build a fort there it would be too great charge & of little vse wherevpon the planting of that place was deferred."

Not satisfied with the failure above recited, the same party that went to Nantasket made another attempt a year later, for Mr. Winthrop relates as follows:—

"The Governr & Council, & divers of the Minrs, & others, met at Castle Island, & there agreed vpon erecting 2 platformes & one small fortifi-



THE CASTLE, OR FORT INDEPENDENCE.

fication to secure them bothe, & for the present furtherance of it they agreed to lay out 5 li a man till a rate might be made at the Genll Court. The Deputye Roger Ludlowe was chosen overseer of the worke."

To show its earnestness in this endeavor, the General Court passed a vote, "That the ffort att Castle Island, nowe begun shalbe fully ffect, the ordinance mounted & eury other thing aboute it ffinished before any other ffortificacon be further proceeded in."

Captain Edward Johnson of Woburn, in his "Wonder-Working Prov-

idence of Sion's Saviour," printed in 1654, speaks of the fort on Castle Island as follows:—

"The Castle is built on the northeast of the Island, upon a rising hill, very advantageous to make many shot at such ships as shall offer to enter the harbor without their good leave and liking; the Commander of it is one Captain Davenport, a man approved for his faithfulness, and skill; the master cannoneer is an active engineer; also the castle hath cost about four thousand pounds, yet are not this poor pilgrim people weary of maintaining it in good repair, it is of very good use to awe any insolent persons, that putting confidence in their ships and sails, shall offer any injury to the people or contemn their government, and they have certain signals of alarums which suddenly spread through the whole country."

Captain Roger Clap, who commanded the fort twenty-one years, gives the following description of the fort:—

"I will inform you that God stirred up his poor servants to use means in the begining for their preservation; though a low and weak people, yet a willing people to lay out their estates for the defence of themselves and others, they having friends in divers places who thought it best for our safety to build a fort upon the island now called Castle Island; at first they built a castle with mud walls which stood divers years: First Capt Simkins was commander thereof, and after him, Lieut Morris, for a little space. When the mud walls failed, it was built again with pine trees and earth; and Capt Davenport was commander, when that decayed which was in a little time there was a small castle built with brick walls, and had three rooms in it; dwelling room below, lodging room over it, and the gun room over that, wherein stood six very good Saker Guns, and over it on the top three lesser guns. All the time of our weakness God was pleased to give us peace, until the wars with the Dutch in Charles II's time. At that time our works were very weak, and intelli-

About this time the armament and military property of the fort consisted of six muskets, two boats, a drum, two muskets, and a suitable number of pikes for each soldier. On March 21, 1672, the Castle, being chiefly built of wood, took fire, and was entirely destroyed. A new fort was built in 1674, which remained without much of any change till 1701, when the old works were demolished, and new ones, built of brick in a very substantial manner, were erected in their place, and over its entrance was placed the following inscription :—

"In the thirteenth year of the reign of William the Third, most invincible King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, this fortification was undertaken; and was finished in the second year of the reign of the most serene Ann, Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and in the year of our Lord 1703. Built by Col. William Wolfgang Romer, chief military engineer to their royal majesties in North America."

A portion of this instructive stone is in a good state of preservation, and a small portion of the old wall has been retained in constructing the rear portion of the present fort, Fort Independence; but, as it is covered with granite ashlers, it is hidden from sight.

When the British evacuated Boston, they destroyed Castle William; and, after the provincial forces took possession, they repaired it, and its name was changed to Fort Independence in 1797, President John Adams, being present on the occasion. The Castle was noted for years as a duelling ground. A memorial of one of these unfortunate affairs can now be seen standing on the glacis of the fort, on which is the following inscription :—

Near this spot
on the 25th Dec. 1817
fell

LIEU. ROBERT F. MASSIE
Aged 21 years.

The Castle was used as a place of confinement for thieves and other convicts sentenced to hard labor, from 1785 till the State's Prison in Charlestown was built in 1805. Within a few years a substantial stone fort has been erected in place of old Castle William. During our late civil war a number of prisoners were confined here, and several deserters were executed by being shot.

CHAPTER VIII.

APPLE ISLAND.—USED AS A MARINE RESIDENCE.—IS OWNED BY THOMAS HUTCHINSON, ESTES HATCH, JAMES MORTIMER, WILLIAM MARSH.—HOUSE BURNT IN 1835.—THE ISLAND PURCHASED BY THE CITY.—FAVORITE RESORT FOR CAMPING PARTIES.

Having passed Governor's Island and the Castle, Apple Island will be observed to the northeast of Governor's Island, about a mile distant. The island is round, gently rising from its shores to its centre, and has a considerable show of trees upon it, two of which have been the most prominent objects in the harbor for many years, attracting the eye in the daytime much more readily than the lighthouse on Long-Island Head. The flats that surround it are very extensive, and make its approach at low tide very difficult. This small green spot in the harbor soon fell under the jurisdiction of Boston; and in the early days of the town it was used, as most of the other islands were, for pasturage of sheep and cattle; but in later times, having a richer soil, and being less exposed to the storms, than the other islands, it became desirable for a marine residence, and as such was improved previous to the war of the Revolution. From being the property of the town, Apple Island passed into private hands, and in 1723 was sold by Hon. Thomas Hutchinson to Mr. Estes Hatch, together with the housings, edifices, and buildings thereon, for the sum of £200. The executor of Mr. Hatch sold it in 1750 to Mr. James Mortimer, of Boston, tallow-chandler, for the sum of £133. 6s. 8d. To give some idea of the island at the time of Mr.

Mortimer's decease in 1773, the following extract is taken from his will:—

Apple Island, so called, in Boston Harbor, and with the building there- on	£200
About ten tons of hay	15
An old mare £6, mare colt 2 years old £10	16
A horse colt 10 weeks old	3
A dray cart 10s, a hand cart 10s	1
A large boat and apparatus with cordage £6, a small do. 12s.	6. 12s.
	£241. 12s.

The island remained in the possession of the Mortimer family and their descendants for many years, till it finally descended to Mr. Robert Wilcox, living at North Shields, in Northumberlandshire, England, who knew but little about it, and probably placed but little value on it, and consequently suffered the house to decay, and the trees to waste. In this state of things this romantic spot was selected by an English gentleman by the name of William Marsh as a place of residence, and in the year 1814, at the close of the war, he placed his family there. After making the fields smile, and the gardens rejoice, the first object of Mr. Marsh was to find the legal owner of the island, that he might become the lawful possessor of what he deemed a modern Eden. In his search he was not successful till he had striven many years. About the year 1822, however, he obtained possession of the knowledge of the person who appeared to be the owner, and he made with him an agreement by which he was to pay five hundred dollars for the island, and become the rightful owner of his much-desired residence. So careful and yet so scrupulously honest was he in this transaction, that he required the

legal proofs of the identity of Robert Wilcox, the reputed owner. This evidence he did not obtain till 1830, a few years before his decease, when the purchase money was paid, and the deeds passed and recorded.

Mr. Marsh seems to have passed a happy and contented life on the island, secure from intrusion on account of its difficulty of approach, and enjoying the position on account of the fertility of the soil and its neighborhood to good fishing grounds and fields for sporting life. He died in 1833, at the good old age of sixty-six, and was buried, at his own request, on the western slope of the hill upon his own beloved island, a large number of friends being present on the mournful occasion. Many persons will undoubtedly remember his faithful negro servant, Black Jack, who was so infamously treated by some of the navy officers stationed in the harbor, for assisting a man, as they alleged, to desert; and the successful endeavors of Samuel McCleary, who took charge of the case, and recovered for him damages for the abuse.

Since the decease of Mr. Marsh, and the burning of the house, which occurred in 1835, the island has passed into other hands; and, after many years' neglect, the city purchased the island in 1867, paying 3,750 dollars for it. It is not now put to any useful or remunerative purpose; but it is held solely for the prevention of the removal of the gravel and ballast stones which are found upon it. Occasionally an old hulk is broken up, and burned on the flats for the saving of the iron and copper used in its construction.

There is no spot in the harbor which offers so strong an invitation for a delightful place as a marine rural residence during the sultry summer season. It is also an excellent place for camping parties and clam-bakes. Clams are found there in great abundance on the flats that surround the island.

CHAPTER IX.

PRESIDENT'S ROAD.—LOWER MIDDLE.—THOMPSON'S ISLAND.—STANDISH VISITS THE ISLAND IN 1621.—IS SETTLED BY DAVID THOMPSON IN 1626.—THE ISLAND IS GRANTED TO DORCHESTER.—CLAIMED BY JOHN THOMPSON IN 1648.—TESTIMONY OF THE SAGAMORE OF AGAWAM AND OTHERS.—THE ISLAND SOLD TO THE FARM-SCHOOL CORPORATION, AND ANNEXED TO BOSTON IN 1834.

Having now reached the entrance to the President's road, which was in olden time called King's road, exactly north of which is the Lower Middle, a gravelly, rocky shoal, which is sometimes, at very low water, exposed to view, directly toward the south will be observed Thompson's Island, which can be recognized by the Farm-School building, barn, wharf, orchard, and so forth.

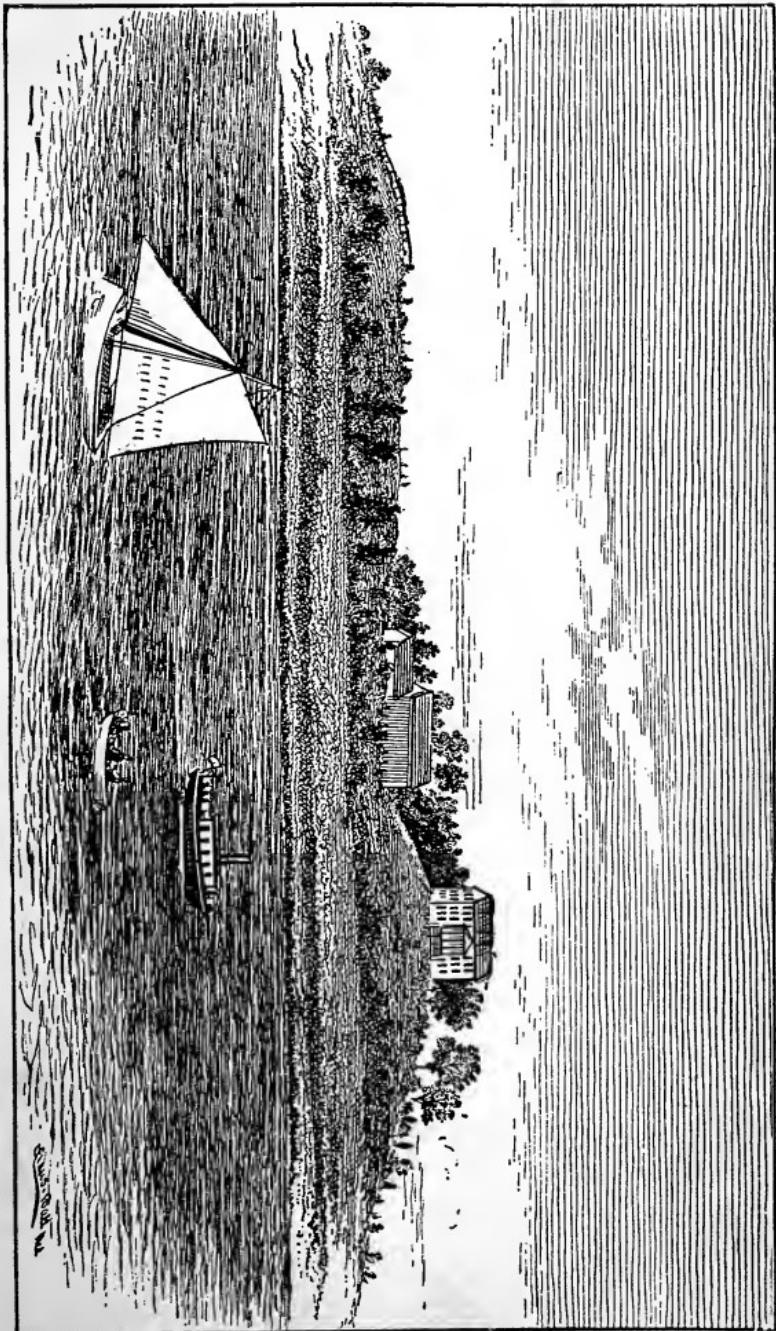
This is one of the best-cultivated and most fruitful islands in the harbor, and one thing that distinguishes it from all others is the growth of trees which is now beginning to make quite a show on the island, and which all the other islands are so sadly deficient in. Thompson's Island is about one mile in length from northeast to southwest, and about a third of a mile in width, and contains about a hundred and forty acres of land suitable for agricultural purposes. It is about half a mile north of Squantum, a well-known promontory of North Quincy, the nearest point of the main land to the island. The surface is gently rising, forming two eminences, which are called East and West heads; and between these on the southeasterly side is a cove, and on the southwesterly side a salt-water pond of several acres, from which once flowed a creek that

in ancient times was dignified by the name of river. The creek has this year (1879) had a dike built across it, and the pond drained so as to make meadow-land of it, when it will yield bountiful crops from its rich alluvial soil.

The bar which projects from the southern extreme of the island, about a quarter of a mile toward Squantum, has long been a noted locality, furnishing delicious clams, in greater profusion than any other place the writer has seen on the entire coast. The clams were considered of so much account by the inhabitants of Dorchester, that, when the island was set off by an act of the Legislature in 1834 from the town of Dorchester to the city of Boston, it was enacted "that it should not destroy or affect any lawful right that the inhabitants of Dorchester might have of digging and taking clams on the banks of the said island," evidently showing that its flats had not lost their value in respect to the famous New-England shell-fish.

This island was one of the first settled places in Boston Harbor. It was occupied by Mr. David Thompson some years previous to the settlement of Boston. He had been sent out in 1623, by Sir Fernando Gorges, to trade with the Indians at Piscataqua; but, being discontented, he removed to Boston Harbor, and selected this island on account of its proximity to the Massachusetts Indians, whose principal village was situated on the Neponset River, but a short distance from the island. This tribe was noted hunters, and the ponds and streams in the Blue Hills, flowing into the Neponset River, abounded with beaver, otter, mink, and other fur-bearing animals. Mr. Thompson erected a trading-post on the island, where he did a lucrative business with the Indians. He is supposed to have died on the island in 1628, leaving an only son, John, an infant, who inherited his estate, which also included Squantum. This island has always been private property since the time of the Thompsons, and used for purposes connected with agriculture; although

THOMPSON'S ISLAND : FROM THE SOUTH.





after the settlement of Dorchester and Boston, it was granted by the General Court of the Colony to the town of Dorchester, in the following words, under date of 1634: "Thompson's Island is granted to the inhabitants of Dorchester to enjoy to them and their heires & successors wch shall inhabite there foreuer payeing the yearly rent of xij*d* to the treasurer for the time being."

The town of Dorchester voted that a rent of twenty pounds a year should be charged for the Island, to be paid by the tenants toward the maintenance of a school in Dorchester; this rent "to bee payd to such schoolemaster as shall vundertake to teach English, Latine, and other tongues, and also writing." So it seems that the good people of Dorchester early provided for schools where the really solid branches should be taught. The difficulty of collecting rent, however, induced the town to provide that there should be but ten tenants upon the island at one time.

These halcyon days, however, did not last forever; for Mr. John Thompson, the son of David Thompson, made claim to it, and the town lost it, as will appear from the Colony records of May 10, 1648. "Forasmuch as it appears to this Corte, upon the petition of Mr. John Thompson, sonn & heir of David Thompson, deceased, that the said David, in or about the year 1626, did take actuall possession of an iland in the Massachusetts Bay, called Thomson's Iland, & then being vacuum domicilium, & before the patent granted to us of the Massachusetts Bay & did erect there the form of an habitation, & dying soone after, leaving the petitioner an infant, who so soone as he came of age, did make his claim formally, & now againe by his said petition, this Corte, considirng the premises, & not willing to deprive any of their lawful rights and possessions, or to prmit any piudice to come to the petionr in the time of his nonage, do hereby grant the said iland, called Thompson's

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

, to the said John Thompson & his heirs forever, to belong to this jurisdiction, & to be undr the govrnment & laws thereof."

This was the first law-case of importance that occurred in the colony; and the town, not satisfied with the result of the petition, tried again to get the island restored by law, but failed in the attempt. When Mr. John Thompson made his defence against the renewed claim of the town to the island, in 1650, he brought in evidence, certain affidavits of William Trevore, William Blackstone, Myles Standish, and the Sagamore of Agawam, all eminent persons in their way. These documents, copies of which are preserved, make it appear, that, early after the settlement of Plymouth, Captain Standish and others, among whom was William Trevore, a sailor, who came over in the "Mayflower" in 1620, visited Boston Harbor in September, 1621, and was one of the party that explored the harbor, as described in Chapter II., page 15; and at that time Trevore took possession of the island under the name of Island of Trevore, for Mr. David Thompson, then of London, and that Mr. Thompson obtained a grant of the island before the arrival of the Massachusetts Company.

Mr. Blackstone, who was known as the first European resident in Boston, an account of whom is given in Chapter III., page 30, stated that he knew "ould Mr. Thompson;" that he affirmed that he "had a patten for it," and that there is a "harbour in the island for a boat, which none of the rest of the islands had." The Sagamore of Agawam testified as follows: "I Saggamore of Agamam testify that in the year 1619 or thereabouts, as I remember, I went in my own person, with Mr. David Thompson and he took possession of the Iland before Dorchester, he liking no other but that because of the smale Riuer, and then no Indians upon it or any wigwam or planting, nor hath been by any Endians inhabitted or claymed since, but two years ago by Harmben an old Endian of Dorchester."

In 1834, the island was purchased by the Farm-School corporation, an institution incorporated in 1733 by the merchants of Boston for the purpose of founding a home for indigent boys of American parentage to teach them farming, and give them a good common-school education. In the same year it was set off, by an act of the Legislature, from the town of Dorchester, with which it had been connected for two hundred years, and annexed to Boston. This school is often mistaken for a reformatory institution, something after the style of the State Reform School at Westboro; but it is an entirely different institution, for the boys must be of good character in order to be admitted here, and the school is supported by private enterprise, is now nearly self-supporting, and is not a public institution.



THOMPSON'S TRADING HOUSE.

CHAPTER X.

POSITION AND FORM OF SPECTACLE ISLAND.—SIZE OF THE ISLAND.—FORMERLY COVERED WITH WOOD.—LAID OUT FOR PLANTERS.—PURCHASED BY THOMAS BILL.—INDIAN CLAIM AND RELEASE IN 1684.—IS USED FOR QUARANTINE.—FREQUENTED BY EXCURSIONISTS.—PRESENT USE OF THE ISLAND.

Continuing our course down the President's road and looking in a southerly direction, the reader will come to a peculiarly shaped island called Spectacle Island, from its remarkable resemblance to a pair of spectacles; it being formed of two peninsulas connected together by a short bar which is covered with water at high tide. It lies between Thompson's and Long Island, and is south of the President's road. It is estimated to contain about sixty acres of land. The first mention of this noted locality in the records is in 1634, when, "together with Deer Island, Hog Island, and Long Island, it was granted to the town of Boston, for the yearly rent of four shillings, for the four islands," which may be called one shilling apiece for each of them. Very soon after it came into the possession of the town, it was allotted to the different inhabitants, who paid a small annual rent, to inure to the benefit of the free school. At this time the island was well covered with wood; for in January, 1687, about thirty persons of Boston went out on a fair day to Spectacle Island to cut wood, the town being in great want thereof. The next night the wind rose very high at the northeast, with snow, and afterward at the northwest, for two days, and it was so cold that the harbor froze over, except a small channel. These thirty adventurers

met with hard luck: for, of their number, twelve could get no farther home than Governor's Island. Seven were carried in the ice in a small skiff through Broad Sound, to the Brewsters, where they had to stay two days without food and fire, and get home by way of Pulling Point (Point Shirley); and many of the others, after detention, had their limbs frozen, and one died.

In 1649, the towu began to take measures for granting the land at the island to planters for perpetuity, reserving the exaction of a small annual rent of about sixpence an acre for the benefit of the free schools; and in April of that year, ten persons bound "themselves and their successors to pay sixpence an acre p yeare for their land at Spectacle island, foreuer to ye use of the schole, yt soe it maye be propriete to them for euer, and they are to bring in their pay to the townes treasurer the first day of February for eu or else their land is forfeit into the townes dispossing." These persons did not pay their rent as promptly as they should, and some of them conveyed their rights to others, insomuch that there were large arrearages due, and the treasurers were authorized to levey and collect by help of the constable. About ten years later, the town relinquished all its rights to the planters, and made void its agreement about its annual rent of a sixpence an acre for the benefit of the school, on condition that the back rent should be paid up in full to that date. This was undoubtedly done; for, just previous to this, Mr. Thomas Bill, a lighterman, began to buy up the rights of the several owners, and when he had nearly acquired the whole island he sold his thirty-five acres to his son Samuel Bill, a butcher, who had previously purchased five acres of Mr. John Slater (part of his inheritance from his father, William, a mariner), and also other parts of several persons. Thus he thought he became owner of the whole island; but here an Indian claim turned up, and had to be quieted. It appears that the new

claimant was Charles Josiah, the son of Wampatuck, late sachem of the Massachusetts, and grandson of Chickataubut.

This distinguished individual says, in the deed of release, "for divers good causes and considerations me thereunto moving, & in particular for and in consideration of money to me in hand paid, before the unsealing of this deed, by Samuel Bill, of Boston, butcher, have with ye knowledge and consent of my wise men and councillors, Wm. Ahaton Senr, Wm. Ahaton Junr, & Robert Momentaug, given, granted, sold, enfeoffed and confirmed, one certain island scituate in the Massachusetts Bay commonly known and called by the name of Spectacle Island, in the present possession of the same Bill." The Indian covenants in the deed "that (according to Indian right & title) he is the sole owner and proprietor of the sd island." At the decease of Samuel Bill, his property on the island consisted of house, seventy-six sheep, two cows, two negro men, a boat, one old mare, one hog, tools, and so forth. The whole amounting to £144, 18s. 8d. The island remained in the possession of the Bill family till a portion of it, the southerly end, was sold to the Province in 1717 for the sum of £100, in bills of credit, for the purpose of erecting a "Pest House there for the reception & entertainment of sick persons, coming from beyond the Sea, and in order to prevent the spreading of Infection."

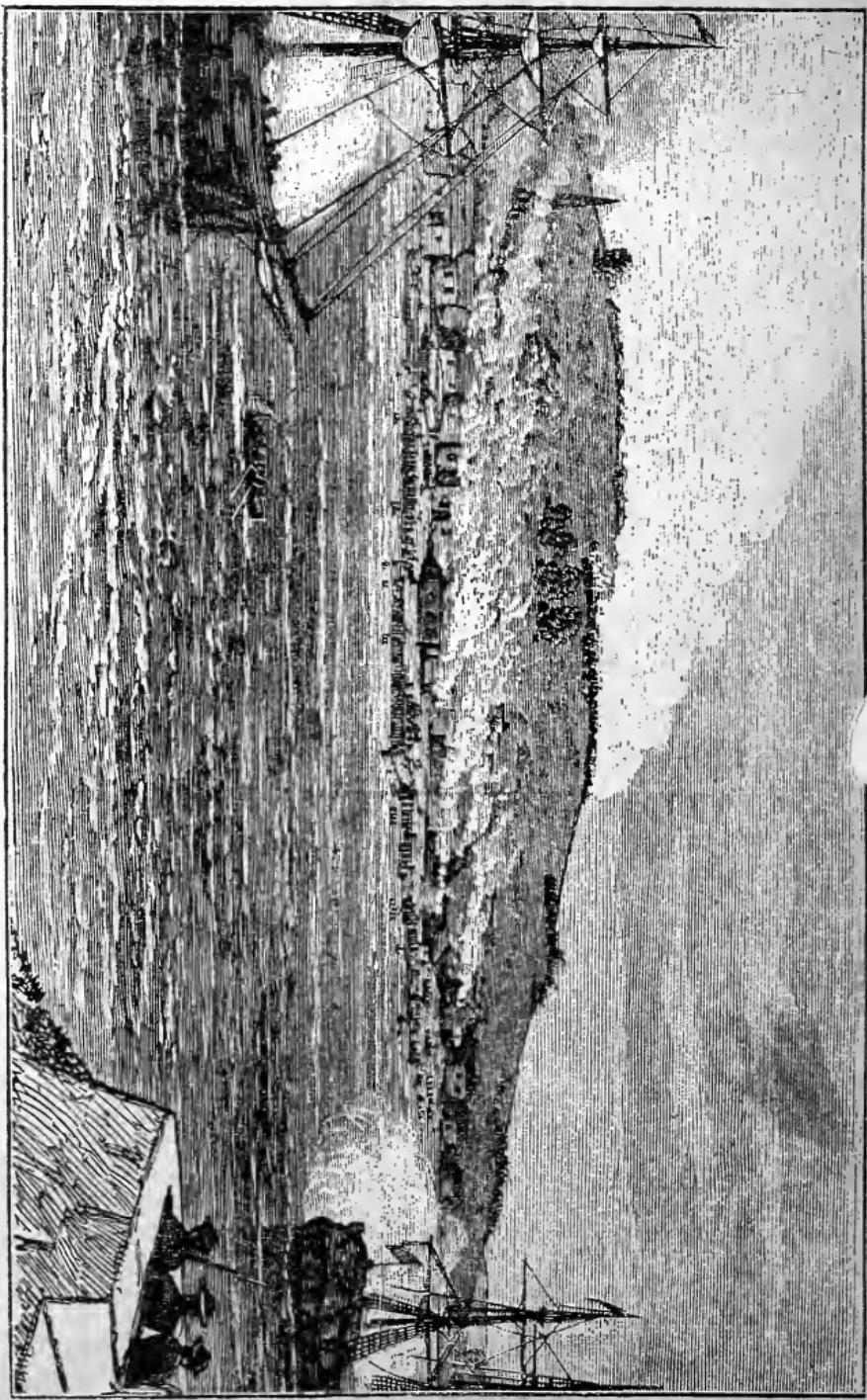
Things must have gone on slowly at the island; for in 1720 it was voted "that the selectmen of the town of Boston be desired to take care for the furnishing of the Public Hospital on Spectacle Island, so as to make it warm and comfortable for the entertainment of the sick."

From this time things went along well till 1736, when the hospital was removed to Rainsford's Island, and Spectacle Island again reverted back to the Bill family, who retained possession of the island till 1741, when it was sold to Edward Bromfield, Esq.; and since then Spectacle Island has not been improved for public use, but has been used for the

number of floating batteries, and from a fortification upon Copps Hill in Boston, directly opposite to the little redoubt on Bunker Hill. An incessant shower of shot and shells was rained by these upon the provincials, who continued to labor indefatigably till they had thrown up a small breast-work extending from the east of the redoubt to the bottom of the hill, but were prevented from completing it by the intolerable fire of the enemy.

Between twelve and one o'clock a number of boats and barges, filled with the regular troops from Boston, landed, set fire to Charlestown, and marched toward the redoubt. The provincials impatiently awaited the attack of the enemy, and reserved their fire till they came within ten or twelve yards, and then began a furious discharge of small arms. This fire arrested the enemy, which they returned without advancing, and then retreated in disorder to the place of landing. At length they were rallied and marched up with apparent reluctance; the Americans again reserved their fire until the enemy came within five or six rods, and a second time put the regulars to flight, who ran toward their boats. They formed once more, and, having brought some cannon to bear in such a manner as to rake the inside of the breast-work from one end of it to the other, the Provincial army retreated within their little fort. The regulars now made a decisive effort. The fire from the ships and batteries, as well as from the cannon in the front of their army, was redoubled. The breast-work on the outside of the fort was abandoned, the ammunition of the provincials was expended, and few of their arms were fixed with bayonets; they kept their enemy at bay for some time with the butt-end of their muskets, until the redoubt was half filled with regulars, when the order to retreat was given.

The retreat of their little handful of brave men would have been cut off had it not happened that the flanking party of the enemy, which was to have come upon the back of the redoubt, was checked by a party



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

into lots of four acres each, and given to those who took two-acre lots at Hull. This island has always from that time been kept as private property.

In 1684 the Indian Josiah relinquished all his claim to the estate in the right of his father and grandfather.



INDIAN MEDICINE DANCE.

A pilot for the various approaches to Weymouth and Hingham resides on the east side of the island opposite Hull, whose farm-buildings, orchard, and so forth, are nestled in the valley between the two great hills, presenting a very cheerful, home-like appearance.

CHAPTER XVI.

HULL VISITED BY EARLY NAVIGATORS.—POINT ALLERTON AND ITS MONUMENT.—DESCRIPTION OF SHEEP ISLAND.—PUMPKIN ISLAND GRANTED TO WEYMOUTH.—SAMUEL WARD LEAVES IT TO HARVARD COLLEGE.—WHITE HEAD.—WORLD'S END.—DESCRIPTION OF WEIR RIVER.—COHASSET ROCKS.—NANTASKET BEACH.—DESCRIPTION OF WRECKS ON SAME DURING THE WINTER SEASON.

To the eastward of Pettick's Island, situated on the extreme end of the main-land, is the town of Hull, separated from Pettick's Island by "Hull Gut," through which flows the waters that form the southeast part of the harbor, creating a very strong current, and, when the tide and wind are in opposite directions, making considerable of a sea.

On the north of Hull will be noticed, at the end of the bar that makes out in the direction of Boston Light, a monument of a pyramid shape; this is on the end of Point Allerton, which has its Great Hill and Little Hill. At the end of the latter is the monument.

Frequent allusions have been made in these pages to Nantasket and Point Allerton, both of which are included in the town of Hull. Point Allerton is supposed to be the place visited by the Northmen in 1003, mention of which has been made in Chapter I.; and also the place on which Myles Standish and his party landed when they explored Boston Harbor, in 1621, and found there lobsters which had been gathered by the Indians, and met a woman coming for them, and "contented" her for them, an account of which is given in Chapter II. At this place Captain Squib put ashore the colonist that settled Dorchester. A part

of them went and explored the Charles River up as far as Watertown in a boat they secured of an old planter; and the remainder went around by land till they came to Dorchester, where they decided to settle. A full description of this was given in Chapter III.

Hull was evidently settled by traders before the arrival of Winthrop's colony, and is the smallest town in the New-England States. The inhabitants mostly obtain their living by fishing, and of late years many fine residences have been erected here, which are occupied in the summer season by pleasure-seekers, and the town is fast becoming famous as a healthy, cool location for summer residences.

Hull is reached by the steamers of the Boston and Hingham Steam-boat Company, and is the first place touched at after leaving Rowe's Wharf.

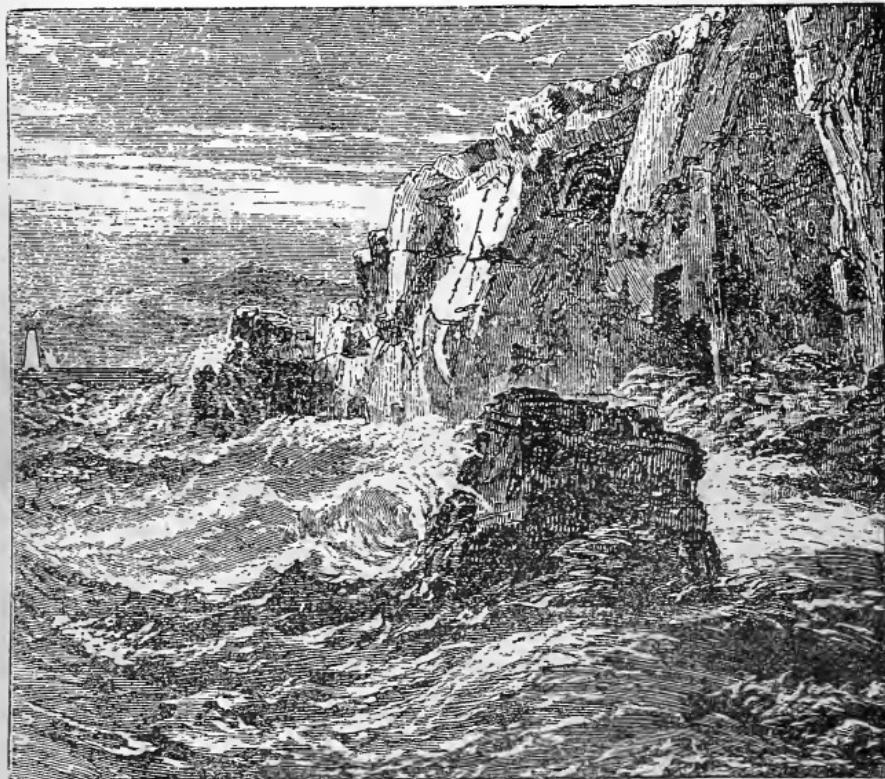
The steamer, again proceeding on her course in a southeasterly direction, will next come to Sheep Island, anciently known as Sun Island. It contains but two acres, and must have been a poor place to keep sheep, although in the olden time it was valued for that purpose. The surface of the island is but a few feet above the water, and is fast washing away.

To the eastward of Sheep Island is Pumpkin Island, sometimes called Bumpkin Island. It contains about fifty acres of good pasture-land, and is beautifully situated in Hull shoals. The island was granted to the town of Weymouth in 1636, and in course of time this beautiful island is found in the possession of Mr. Samuel Ward, who in early colony days was a great land-owner; and by his will, executed in 1681, he bequeathed the island to Harvard College, in the following words: —

“The Island that I have given to the Colidge, which Lyeth Betwixte hingham and hull called Bomkin Island; my mind is that it shall be, and Remain for ever, to harford Coledge, in newengland: the Rentt

of itt to be for the easmentt of the charges of the Diate of the Studentse that are in commonse."

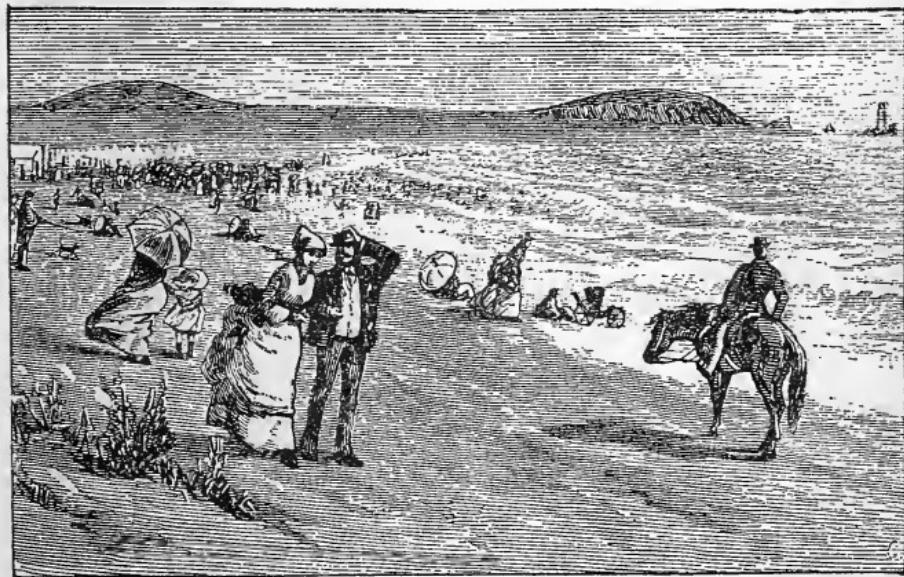
The island is now valued at about twelve hundred dollars, and produces an income of about fifty dollars a year. In former years there was a farm-house on the island; but now it is uninhabited.



COHASSET ROCKS NEAR NANTASKET BEACH.

After passing Pumpkin Island, and continuing in a southeasterly course, we reach the entrance to Weir River. The neck of land on the left hand, on entering the river, is known as White Head; and the curious round peninsula attached by a slender bar to Planter's Hill, on the

right hand, is World's End, and is situated in the town of Hingham. The scenery in this river is very beautiful, some portions of it bordered with grand cliffs, and some little distance up the river both shores are clothed with forests with scarcely a sign of human habitation. In fact, a person might imagine himself a hundred miles away from Boston, as far as any appearance of civilization is concerned; and yet it is less than an hour's sail. This is one of the most favorite resorts in the harbor

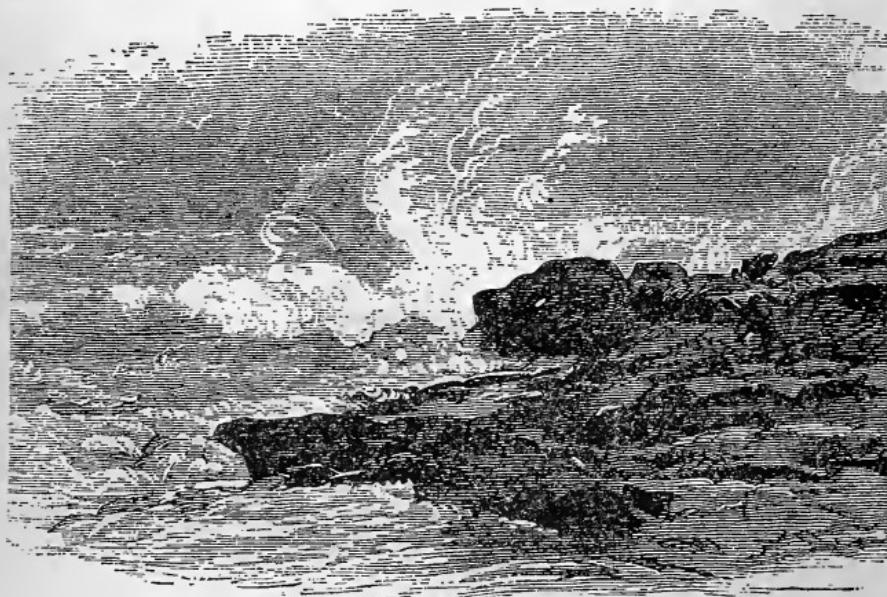


NANTASKET BEACH.

for camping parties, many persons staying here nearly the whole summer, camping in tents in the woods. One arm of the river approaches quite near the ocean, only a narrow strip of beach — the famous Nantasket — keeping it from entering the river.

Here is built the steamboat wharf, and is the end of the route of the Nantasket steamers. Many fine hotels are erected on the beach, and

also extending in a southeasterly direction along the Cohasset shore are many fine hotels and summer residences away up on the rocks. This is the commencement of that "stern and rock-bound coast" which surrounds nearly all of Massachusetts Bay. Along the verge of the cliffs the sea dashes the surf frequently over the buildings, drenching them, and for an instant showing in the sun the fleeting hues of the rainbow. Now and then, when standing on the brink of some table-rock, the



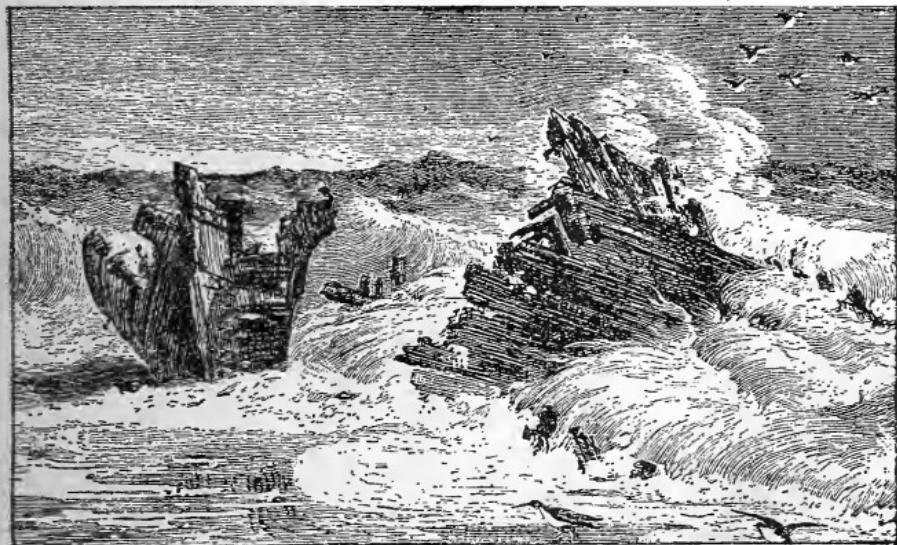
BLACK ROCK.

plunge of a billow underneath causes a sensible tremor. A rock projecting out into the ocean, and known as Black Rock, presents a grand sight during a northeasterly storm; the sea breaking completely over it, and drenching it with spray.

In a northerly direction is Nantasket Beach, five miles long, of hard, smooth sand, the finest beach in New England. Surf-bathing and driving can be enjoyed on the beach, and lovers of natural scenery will

few years, may be observed nailed around the music stand in the centre of the town.

For a number of years the people of Hull bore rather a hard name, on account of their wrecking propensities; for many of them recognized the truth of the old saying, that "it is an ill wind that blows no one any good." Many readers will probably remember of the wreck of the bark "Kadosh" which took place here a few years ago, in which many lives were lost.



WRECK OF THE "KADOSH."

This chapter completes the first and most important route down the harbor. All the islands and points of interest described in previous chapters can be seen on this route by taking the Nantasket and Hull Steamer of the Hingham Steamboat Company, at Rowe's Wharf, Atlantic Avenue.

Another line of boats belonging to the same company, and stopping at Downer Landing and Hingham, will be described in route No. 2, in the next chapter.

find much to amuse and interest them; the numerous Hotels and Restaurants scattered along the shore offering ample refreshments for the inner man.

In many places along the beach timbers of wrecked vessels are met with, deeply bedded in the sand, the ribs of which, projecting out of the



WRECK ON NANTASKET BEACH.

sand, have the appearance of formidable teeth belonging to some sea monster.

During the winter season, many wrecks occur on this beach. Vessels on entering Boston Harbor mistake their bearings on dark nights, or are driven, in cold, blinding snow-storms, on to this inhospitable shore, and many lives and much property are lost yearly. In Hull, a number of signs, the names of various vessels cast ashore here during the past

CHAPTER XVII.

ROUTE SECOND.—FROM ROWE'S WHARF TO HINGHAM.—DESCRIPTION OF DOWNER LANDING, FORMERLY CROW POINT.—A FAMOUS RESORT FOR EXCURSIONISTS.—MELVILLE GARDEN.—ROSE STANDISH HOUSE.—RAGGED ISLAND.—WALTON GROVE.—VARIOUS ATTRACTIONS OF THE PLACE.—HINGHAM, AND ITS HARBOR AND ISLANDS.—THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE ERECTED IN 1681.—LAST RESTING PLACE OF GOV. ANDREW.—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN.

The Boston and Hingham steamboats, starting from Rowe's Wharf, pursue the same course as the other steamers of the same line that run to Nantasket Beach, as described in the previous chapter, till they reach Pumpkin Island, or about off the entrance to Weir River, when they continue on to the south, and in a short time reach Downer Landing, formerly called Crow Point. (See Route 1 and 2 on chart.)

A few years ago, Mr. Downer, the well-known refiner of kerosene oil, bought the point, intending to improve it, and make a summer resort of it for himself and friends; but soon the beauties of the place became known, and he opened the grounds to the public, and it is now one of the finest pleasure resorts in New England. The grounds of the garden cover over ten acres, and here can be found every variety of amusement for picnic parties and daily excursionists, such as bowling and shooting alleys, swings, tilts, flying horses, and so forth. A large, handsome, and commodious hotel, the "Rose Standish House," and an excellent restaurant and music hall, row-boats, yachts with reliable skippers, a Punch and Judy show, and monkey cage containing every con-

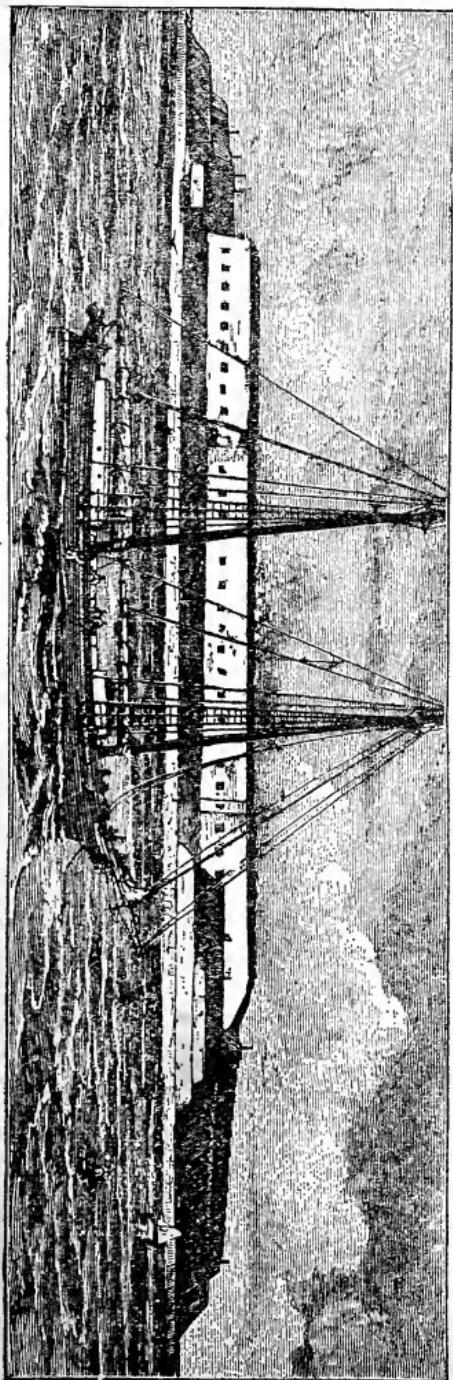
ceivable species of monkeys, clam-bakes, a large camera obscura, and many other things too numerous too mention, are among the attractions of this place.

Ragged Island, a small rocky island a short distance from Melville Garden, is connected with it, by a ferry-boat which makes frequent trips to and from this beautiful and romantic island. The island has every convenience for picnic parties, such as shades, pavilions, and restaurants. A bridge from the garden connects it with a beautiful grove of ten acres, abounding in rocks and glens, and including a beautiful sheet of water which was made by a dam across Walton Cove, and what was formerly mud flats is now changed into a beautiful lake.

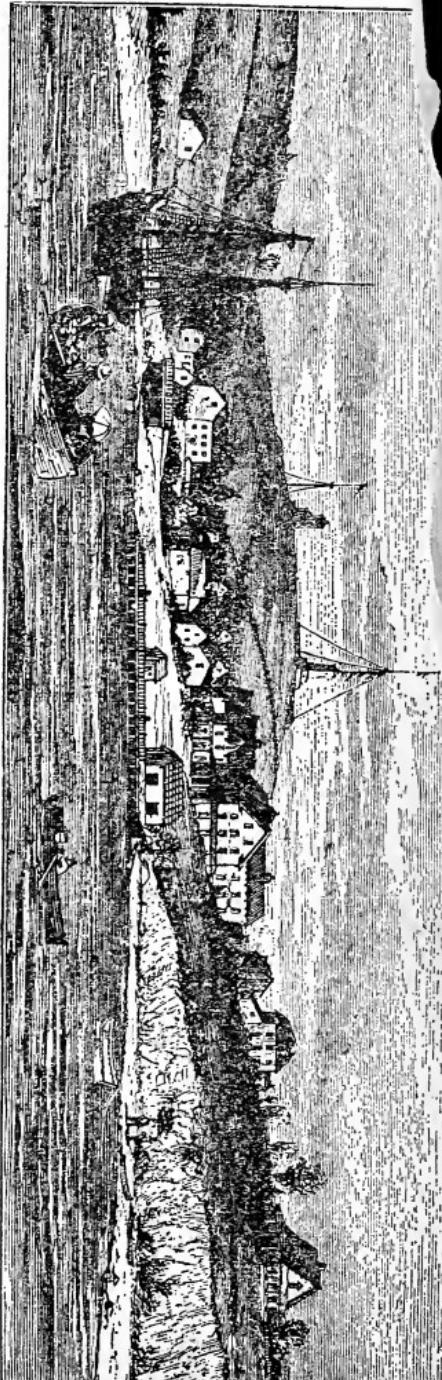
Mr. Downer, who has given his own name to the place, has expended a large fortune in laying out the grounds, and in executing his plans for making them the most desirable spot to be found in the harbor, thereby realizing almost the ideal of an elysian field for the tourist or pleasure-seeker. How well he has succeeded after many years of laborious toil must be left to the verdict of the visitor.

Pursuing a course due south, and passing the strait between Crow Point, now Downer Landing, on the west, and Planter's Hill on the east, the tourist will enter Hingham Harbor, and will notice first Button Island, then Ragged Island with the pavilion on it, and next Sarah and Langley Island, after which he will soon reach the steamboat wharf, and will have arrived in the town of Hingham, one of the oldest and wealthiest towns in the State, and noted for its beautiful scenery and pleasant drives, through its tree-lined streets and woodland roads. The old meeting-house, erected in 1681, is the ~~oldest~~ meeting-house in New England, and is in a good state of preservation, and good for some hundred of years yet to come.

In the cemetery connected with it rest the remains of the late John A. Andrew, the "War Governor of Massachusetts," to whose memory

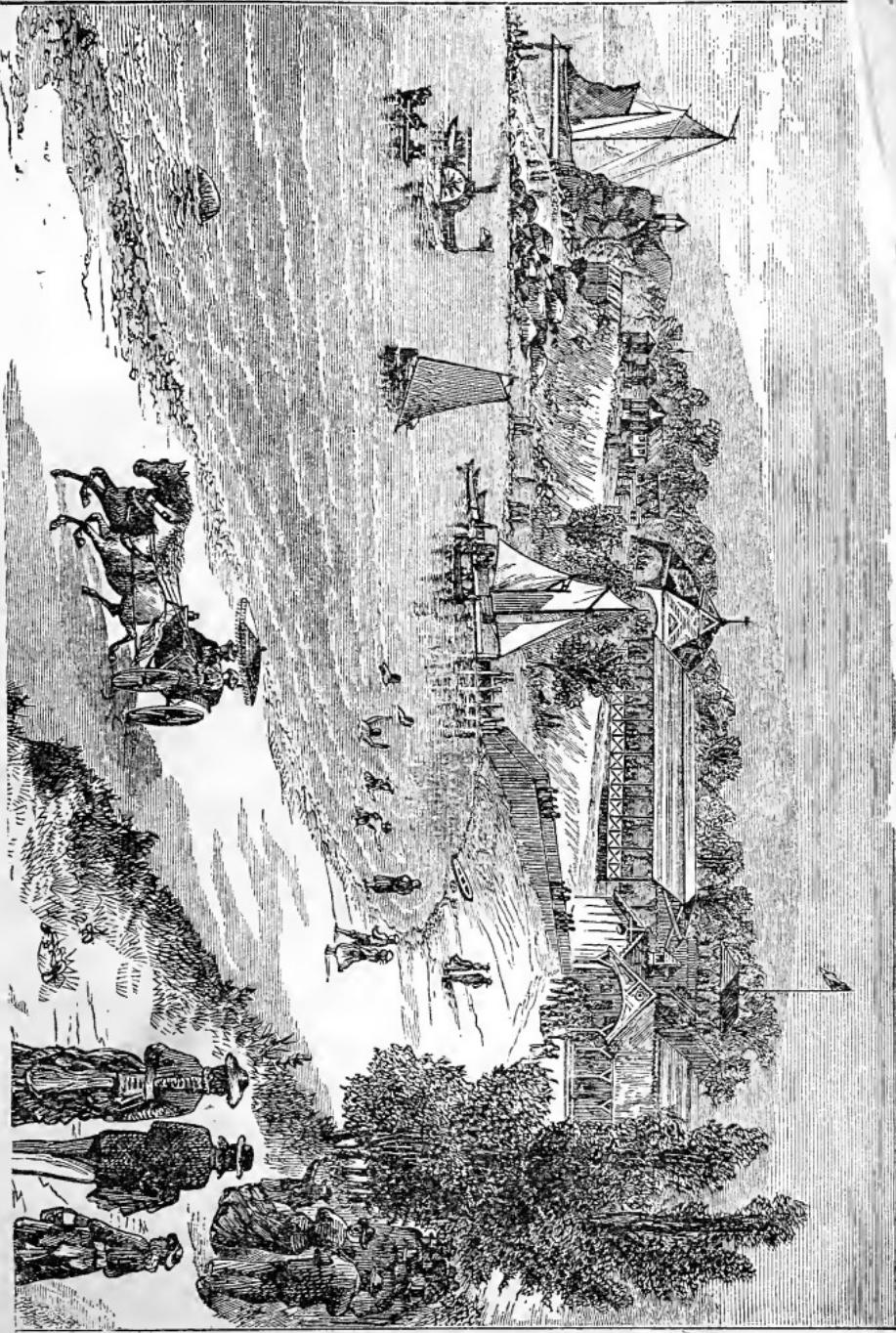


FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR.

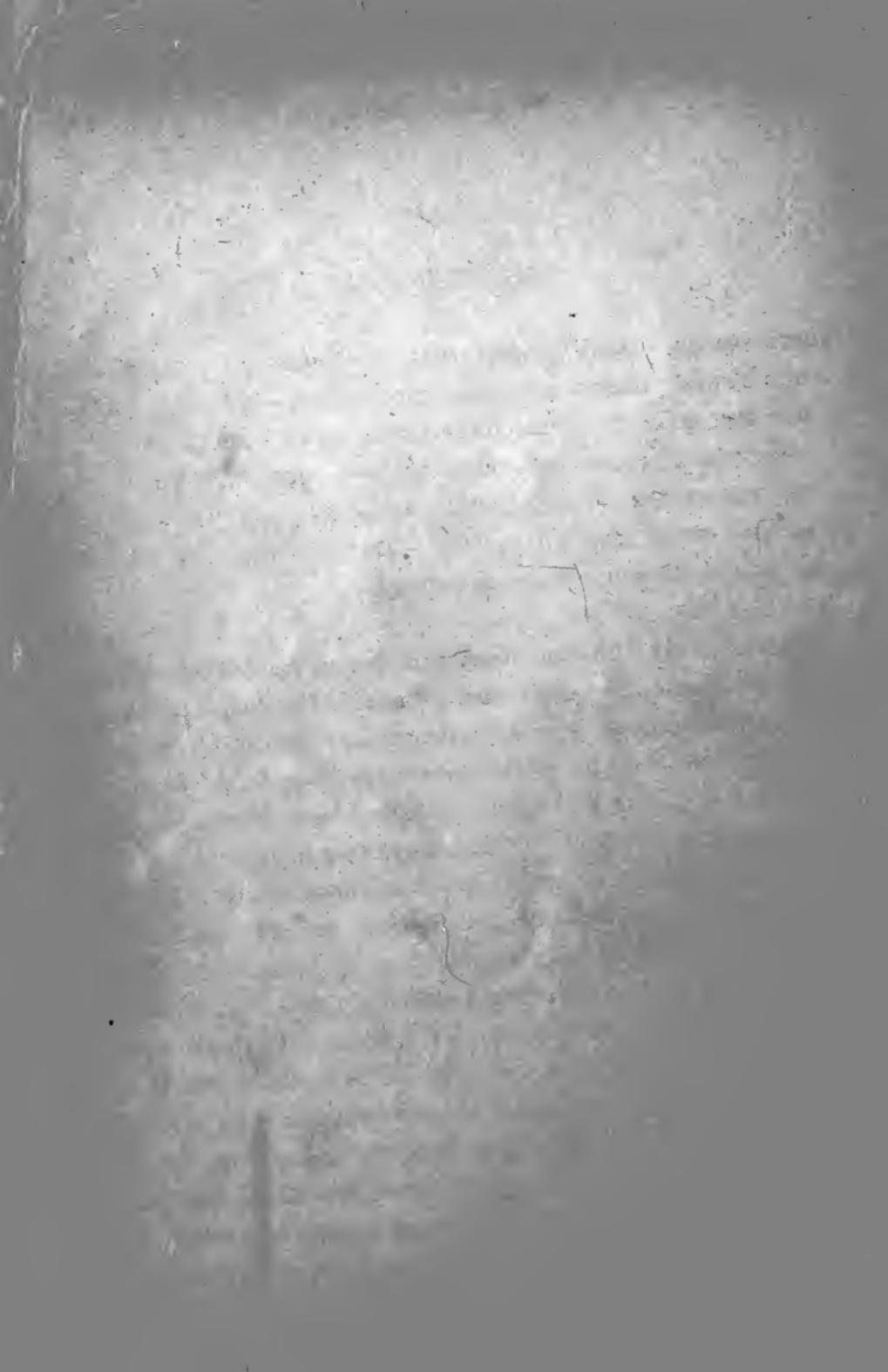


VIEW OF HULL.





DOWNER LANDING.



an elegant marble statue has been erected. A simple monument marks the resting-place of Major-General Benjamin Lincoln of Revolutionary fame, in the same cemetery.

Hingham was once noted for its fishing business; but now the wharves are deserted. Later it was well known for its manufacture of wooden-ware; but at the present time but little is doing in that business. Hingham at present resembles an old wealthy English country town. The old habitants are very conservative, and are living on the fruits of past labor, and taking life easily in their beautiful town.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROUTE THIRD: FROM INDIA WHARF TO NAHANT. — POINT SHIRLEY, FORMERLY PULLING POINT. — THE DERIVATION OF THE NAME. — CAPTAIN MUGFORD. — REMARKABLE EXPLOIT THERE DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. — CUTTING OUT THE POWDER SHIP. — FIGHT IN SHIRLEY GUT, AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN MUGFORD. — NAHANT BOUGHT OF BLACK WILLIAM, THE INDIAN CHIEF. — THE FORESTS DESTROYED. — INFESTED WITH WOLVES, BEARS, AND WILD BEASTS. — DESCRIPTION AND EARLY HISTORY.

Leaving the foot of India Wharf by way of the Nahant steamer, the reader will proceed down the harbor, pursuing the same course as described in Route 1, till opposite Governor's Island, when the steamer will proceed in a northeasterly direction, passing very near to Apple Island, and between Point Shirley, formerly called Pulling Point, and Deer Island, through the passage known as "Shirley Gut." In reference to the derivation of the name of Pulling Point, the following old account says: "Pulling-Point is so called because the boats are by the seasings or roads haled against the tide which is very strong, it is the usual channel for boats to pass into Mattachusetts Bay." It was called Point Shirley in 1753, in honor of Governor Shirley.

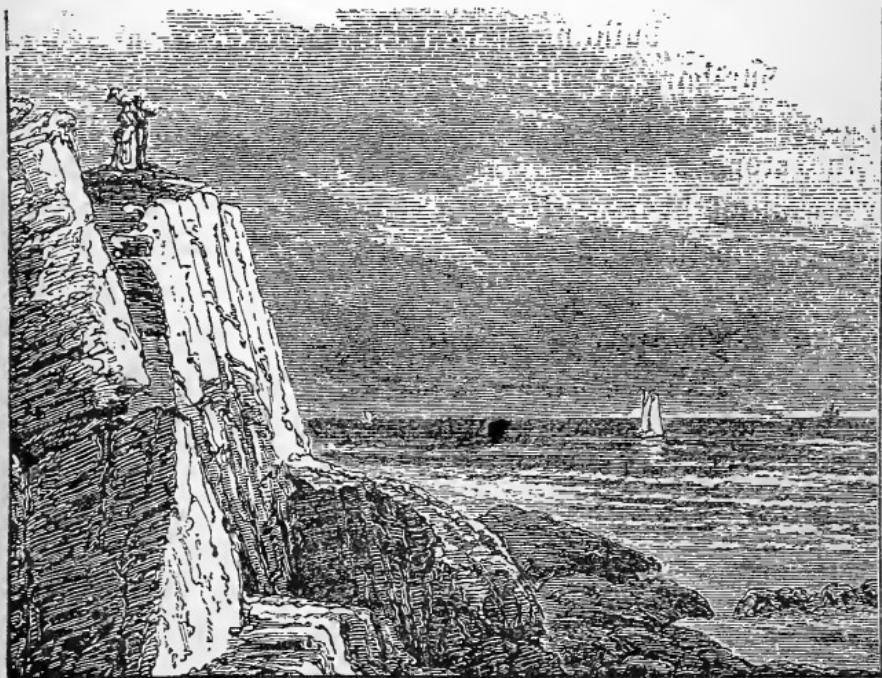
During the blockade of Boston in the time of the Revolutionary War, Captain James Mugford, of Marblehead, earned for himself at this spot a brief glory and most pathetic fame. He had been impressed on board of the British frigate "Lively" in Marblehead Harbor. His wife went aboard of the frigate, and, stating that they had just been married,

demanded his release, which soon after was granted, but not before he had heard the sailors talking about a "powder ship" which they were expecting from England. Resolving to capture her, he applied for a commission, but sailed before it came, thereby rendering himself and crew liable to be hung as pirates if captured. He sailed in a small fishing smack with twenty men. After lying in wait for some time, the vessel was seen approaching Boston Harbor. The men were sent below, where they were crowded into the cuddy; and the store-ship, not expecting an enemy in the peaceful-appearing fisherman, with only a few men on deck, allowed her to approach quite close, when Mugford and his men grappled with her, and the men, crowding out of the hold, boarded her, and captured her in sight of the whole British fleet, and carried her safely into Boston, at a time when Washington's stock of powder did not amount to more than nine rounds per man. If the vessel had been loaded with gold, it would not have been so valuable to the American army as this powder-ship.

A few days after, waiting his opportunity to return to Marblehead without being observed by the British fleet, he sailed by way of Shirley Gut, but was cut off by a swarm of boats from the British fleet then lying in Nantasket Roads. The fight was desperate, and in a hand-to-hand encounter Captain Mugford was killed while attempting to keep off the boarders. But his vessel got away safely through the Gut, bearing his lifeless body to Marblehead, where a few days later the marine regiment of which he was captain buried it with solemn pomp.

After passing through Shirley Gut, the reader will be outside of the harbor and in Massachusetts Bay. A few miles' sailing in a northeast-erly direction, and Nahant is reached; and, although not strictly coming within a history of Boston Harbor, yet as it is easily reached from the city by steamers, and contains many points of interest, we will give a brief description of it in this chapter.

Nahant belonged to the Indians for many years after the settlement of Salem and Lynn by the English. The name is said to signify, in the Indian language, an "island." It was purchased of the Indians by Farmer Dexter—who was the first land speculator of Nahant—in 1630 for a suit of clothes, and was afterward again sold for "two pestle-stones." The original owner was an Indian chief named by the whites



NAHANT ROCKS.

"Black Will," who was cruelly killed at Richman Island, Scarborough, Me., in revenge for the murder of Walter Bagnall, who was killed by Indians in 1631. Black Will was hung unjustly, for he did not take any part in the murder; and, if he had, Gov. Winthrop says Bagnall was "a wicked fellow, and had much wronged the Indians." It seems that Farmer Dexter was not allowed to obtain possession of his purchase, for

town contested the title, yet it seems clear from the depositions that really bought it of Black Will, or Duke Will, as he was sometimes called. The case was tried in court, and William Witter, farmer, testified as follows: —

"Black will or duke william so called came to my house (which was two or three miles from Nahant), when Thomas Dexter had bought Nahant for a suit of clothes, the said Black will Asked me what I would give him for the Land my house stood vpon it being his land, and his ffather's wigwame stood thereabouts. James Saggamore, being a youth was present, all of them acknowledging Blacke will to be the right owner of the Land my house stood on and Sagamore Hill and Nahant was his. He bought Nahant and Sagomer Hill and Swampscoate of Black William for two pestle-stones."

Nahant was used as a pasturage for cattle, many of the settlers even bringing their cattle from Salem. The place was well wooded, but was robbed of its wood, as the islands in Boston Harbor were,—for firewood; and when the peninsula was divided into lots in 1656, it was voted "that every person should clear his lot of wood in 6 years and he or they that do not clear their lotts of wood shall pay fifty shillings for the townes use."

Efforts have been made of late years to rear trees of every description on Nahant, which so far, except in a few cases, have been unsuccessful; the young trees are probably killed by the salt-water spray blown over them during severe storms. In the storms the waves dash over the highest rocks around the shore. It is probable that trees of various kinds will flourish here as buildings multiply to break off the wind, and afford them shelter.

The wolves, bears, and other wild beasts abounded here in such quantities that the train-band or militia were marched there in a body in 1634 to hunt wolves; but the wolves have all disappeared from Nahant,

and the Indians are all gone, the trees cut down, and from the rude spot of a rude people, it has become the resort of the most fashionable. Its broad and extensive beaches, its rugged, rock-bound shores, its natural curiosities, such as the Pulpit Rock, Spouting Horn, Swallow Cave, the fishing, gunning, bathing, riding, and other amusements, all have their attraction, and by going to Nahant for a day can be seen and enjoyed. Hot as it is in the city, here you may ride, bathe, or fish in the day, and be sure of a good, cool, comfortable night's sleep afterward. The name and fame of Nahant have been rehearsed and sung in prose and poetry, and its rocks and beaches have been the theme of the historian and the subject of the painter; and yet not half has been said, sung, or painted, and in the limited space of this small volume we can give only such facts as we may be able to gather in relation to its early history and present appearance.

The Indian enjoyed it in all its natural beauty and freshness. We enjoy it shorn of much of its original beauty, but unimpaired in its solid and sublime grandeur.

Nahant is a peninsula extending into the ocean, the shore is entirely rock-bound, and connected with the main-land by a beach three miles long of hard, smooth sand.

About a mile from Nahant along the beach is Little Nahant, containing about fifty acres. On Great Nahant are the village cottages, church, hotels, steamboat landing, and so forth.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROUTE FOURTH.—FOSTER'S WHARF, LONG ISLAND, AND LOVELL'S GROVE.—THE WEST WAY.—MOON HEAD.—TO BE USED FOR THE TERMINUS TO THE SEWER.—THE INJURY IT WILL CAUSE THE HARBOR.—HANGMAN'S ISLAND USED BY LOBSTER FISHERMEN.—NUT ISLAND.—HOUGH'S NECK.—GRAPE ISLAND.—INDIAN RELICS RECENTLY DISCOVERED THERE.—BRITISH FORAGING PARTIES VISIT THE ISLAND.—FRIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS OF WEYMOUTH.—THE ISLAND INHABITED AT PRESENT BY AN OLD SLAVER.—REMARKABLE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SAME.

Proceeding down the harbor by way of the steamboat of the Boston Bay Steamboat Company, we go over the same course as described in Route 1, as far as Long Island, where the steamboat makes a landing. Then, pursuing a southwesterly course between Spectacle Island and Long Island, to what is known as the West Way or Back Water, the reader will come to Moon Head or Moon Island, one of the most remarkable objects in the harbor, on account of the high bluff which rises on its northerly side. It is connected at low water with Squantum bar over which the cattle walk to the island. It has been used from time immemorial for pasturage, and is a famous spot for excursions to land for cooking and camping purposes. Clams in great abundance and of delicious flavor can be obtained by digging on the island.

But this island is soon to be put to a different use, which will ^{be seen} ~~wild fowl.~~ ~~the year it is the resort of ducks, coot,~~ ^{put a stop to its being used for the above purposes. The parts}

the new sewer now in process of construction is intended to be built on this island, where all the sewage of Boston will be pumped, and emptied into the waters of the harbor, to fill up its channels and line its shores with filth. The clear blue waters of Quincy Bay will be contaminated and forsaken by the lobsters and fish with which it now abounds; the seals will no longer sport on its rocks, or its waters be sought in the fall of the year by the wild fowl. This beautiful bay, instead of being known by its pure water and air, will become as well known as Miller's River, the Back Bay, or the Roxbury canal were before their filthy waters were filled in; a place that will be forsaken alike both by man and the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea; and from being one of the healthiest spots in the vicinity of Boston it will become as unhealthy and pestiferous as the swamps and bayous of Louisiana.

It seems a strange fact that a city having the reputation that Boston has for its wealth and intelligence should not be guided by its former experience, and also that of other large cities, such as London and Paris, and utilize its sewage, and return it to the soil whence it came; or Massachusetts, with its sterile soil, can ill afford to lose that matter which would make a desert bloom. Neither can Boston afford to have

A contaminated or its channels filled up, for the waters of the harbor being at too deep as they are now. This sewage business savors too

hotels, sjob; and, if Boston is not careful, it may suffer as much finan-

will in its salubrity, for here will be established an invitation

ie different contagious diseases that have afflicted the southern
s to visit this now healthy region. And this all caused through the

nce of our city officials, and cupidity of a few unscrupulous politi-

May the day be far distant before Moon Head and Quincy Bay

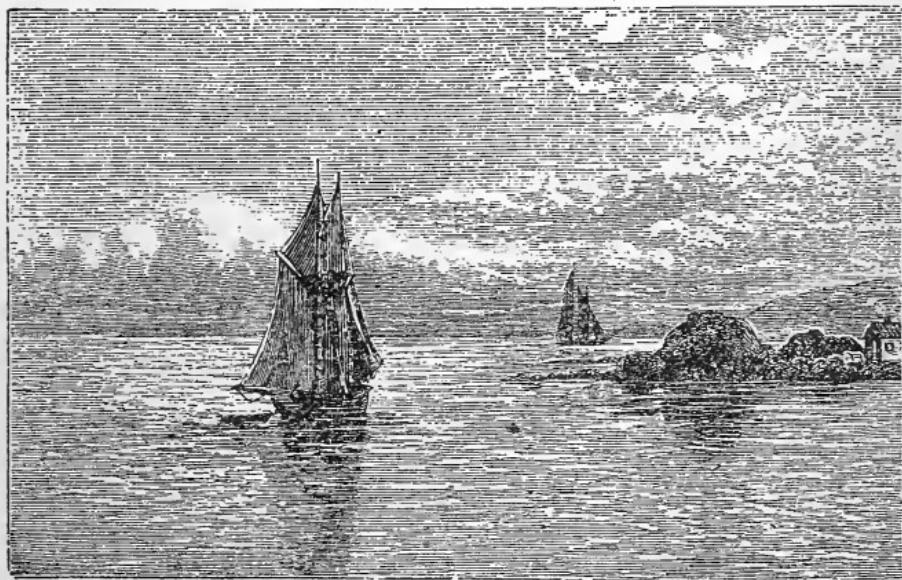
minated with this sewage, is the earnest prayer of the writer

ers of natural beauty and of Boston Harbor in particular.

Var Moon Head, a view can be had of Squantum, and also

the west side of Long Island, Rainsford Island, and Pettick's Island, all described in Route I.

Passing Moon Head, the tourist enters Quincy Bay, the largest extent of water in Boston Harbor. It contains but few islands, and is nearly four miles across in each direction. Nearly in the centre of the bay is a small rocky island with a shanty on it; the island is known as Hangman's Island, probably on account of its being used in olden times for the purpose of hanging pirates on, as many other islands were. The

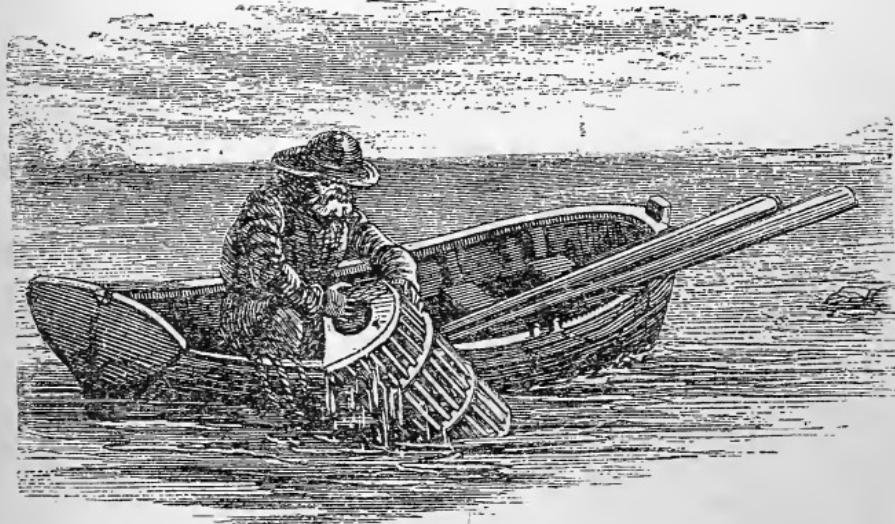


HANGMAN'S ISLAND, QUINCY BAY.

island is now inhabited during the summer season by several men engaged in lobster-fishing, who can be seen at all times in different parts of the bay, hauling up their lobster-pots. Numerous seals can be seen sporting about the rocks in this bay, which seems to be a favorable place for them; and in the fall of the year it is the resort of ducks, coot, and other wild fowl.

South of Pettick's Island is Nut Island, containing about six acres, connected by a bar with Hough's Neck, on which is Quincy Great Hill.

Nut Island has been used recently by the United-States Government for the purpose of testing ordnance, under the supervision of Wiard; these fruitless experiments have cost the Government upward of half a million dollars. A few years ago a camping party attempting to cross to the island, with a horse and team over the bar, at high water, the team was capsized, and several persons drowned.



LOBSTER-FISHERMAN.

Continuing on in an easterly direction the tourist will come to Grape Island, which is between the entrance of Weymouth Fore River and Weymouth Back River. It contains fifty acres, and has two hills. A few weeks after the battle of Lexington, three sloops and a cutter came down from Boston, and anchored off the mouth of Fore River. The people of Weymouth were greatly alarmed. A landing was momentarily expected, and three hundred soldiers were reported marching on

the town. Three alarm guns were fired, the bells rung, and the drum beat to arms, the alarm and confusion being very great. Every house below North Weymouth was deserted by the women and children. The minute-men poured in rapidly from Hingham, Randolph, and Braintree, and all the neighboring towns, till nearly two thousand of them were on the ground. Then it was discovered that the enemy were foraging, and engaged in removing hay from Grape Island. By this time they had secured about three tons. The minute-men had brought a sloop and lighter around from Hingham, on which they put out for the island, whereupon the enemy decamped, and no one was hurt.

On another occasion, a few months later, Captain Goold of Weymouth, with twenty-five men, went out from Moon Head, and crossed over to Long Island, and burned a house and a barn full of hay. On this occasion they had a sharp skirmish, for the British men-of-war sent out their cutter to intercept the party. They all, however, got back safely, except one man of the covering force on Moon Head, who was killed by a cannon-ball.

Grape Island has been inhabited from the first settlement of the harbor, and used for fishing and farming purposes. The house now on the island is situated in a valley between two hills, near to deep water, where there is a good landing, and near a spring of fresh water. A short distance to the westward, on the bar, clams can be found in abundance. This must have been a favorite place of resort for the Indians, for the writer has just returned from a visit to the island, and obtained there three stone tomahawks or celts, that were used by the Indians. They were found in the rear of the house, in the garden, which is composed almost wholly of shells, resembling somewhat the shell-heaps of Florida. Captain Smith, the occupant of the house, has just removed about fifteen tons of stone from the garden. They were about a foot beneath the soil, and set up edgewise, forming a circle, the bottom

covered with beach gravel. Here the Indians built their fires till the stones were hot, then withdrew the fire, and placed the clams, lobsters, and corn, on which wet seaweed was piled. The result was a delicious clam-bake. Quite a number of such places were found close together, and here were found the stone tomahawks.

It is a fact, not generally known, that on this island resides an old slaver. He is known by the name of Captain Smith; but his real name



CAPTAIN SMITH.

is Amos Pendleton, and he is a native of Bowdoinham, Maine, and is 75 years of age. He is a very large, strong man, and good for many years yet to come. He has been known by the writer ever since he first came to the island; and, wishing to obtain his history, a number of friends, among whom was a *Herald* reporter, who saw a chance for an article for the Sunday *Herald*, were invited to go to the island on his yacht, the "Rover."

We found the old slaver mending a lobster-pot, and he did not receive us very cordially at first. On offering him some cigars, he replied, "Keep them yourself." We then requested him to put a pot of clams on the fire for us. This he refused to do at first; but, after considerable coaxing, he acquiesced, and, while the clams were boiling, we gave the old man something that would enliven his spirits, and he concluded to take a cigar at length. Then, after using considerable diplomacy, we gradually drew out of him something of his past history. He ran away and went to sea when a boy, and at nineteen years of age shipped on a slaver in the West Indies, and after several voyages he was promoted to the rank of first-lieutenant of the "Golden Star." She was heavily armed, and carried sixty men, which included officers and crew. On one voyage, when about fifty miles from St. Thomas, with a cargo of seven hundred slaves in the hold, a sail was observed in the offing, bearing down on them. Smith informed the captain that he knew her well, and she was formerly a pirate called the "Black Joke" on account of the many jokes she played the cruisers. But at last she played them one too many; for, while the crew were carousing at one of the islands, they were suddenly surprised by an English and an American cruiser, and captured. He saw the captain and eighteen men hung, and many others had their arms and legs lopped off; and then the remainder of the crew were released. As she was the property of the two vessels, she was sold, and bought by the English, and used by them for a "pelter."

As the breeze was light, the "Black Joke" put out their sweeps, and soon came down on the "Golden Star." The decks were cleared for action, and every man stationed at his post. A shot from the "Black Joke"'s long tom came whistling through the rigging, carrying away the shrouds; and soon they closed, "and each poured in a broadside zip zip-twng-wing," and the old man's eyes sparkled as he recounted

the effect of the shot. They repelled the boarders of the "Black Joke," and boarded her in return; and after a close hand-to-hand conflict, in which they fought as men only will fight that have a rope around their neck, the combat was decided in favor of the slaver, and only about twelve men were left alive on the cruiser, who were driven into the fore-castle, and would not have been molested any further, but while the slavers were throwing the dead overboard, and carrying their wounded aboard, and securing the "Black Joke"'s long tom, the men of the cruiser charged them from the forecastle, and were repulsed, and every man killed or driven overboard. While they were plundering the "Black Joke," the cry was raised of "Sail, ho!" and off to windward was an English frigate, bearing down on them. They hastily went aboard of their vessel, and, casting her loose from the "Black Joke," got sail on her as well as they could, for their rigging and sails were all cut up by the shot, and stood away before the wind, after scuttling the "Black Joke." But, before she sank, the English frigate came alongside of her.

Captain Smith received several wounds in this engagement, and upward of thirty of the slavers were killed or wounded. Several days after, the frigate came into St. Thomas with three turns of chain-cable around the "Black Joke," which was lashed alongside to keep her from sinking.

Captain Smith for a number of years was a free trader or contrabandist, and at one time owned three small vessels, and made the bayous near New Orleans his headquarters, where he took in his cargoes and run them in along the Spanish Main, where he had frequent encounters with the Spanish gunboats, in which one of his vessels was captured. This kind of business he was engaged in for a number of years, till the American, English, and French Governments entered into a treaty to

CHAPTER XX.

WEYMOUTH FORE RIVER.—CALLED WESSAGUSSET.—SETTLED BY WESTON'S COLONY IN 1622.—ARE IN A STARVING CONDITION,—THEY SEEK HELP FROM PLYMOUTH.—ROBBING THE INDIANS.—ONE OF THEIR NUMBER HUNG.—MASSACRE OF THE INDIANS BY MYLES STANDISH.—THE COLONY IS ABANDONED.—RACCOON ISLAND.—LOVELL'S GROVE.—ITS ATTRACTIONS TO EXCURSIONISTS.

The steamboat, passing to the westward of Grape Island, will enter Weymouth Fore River, the place of the earliest settlement made in Boston Harbor, as mentioned in Chapter II., and was called by the Indians Wessagusset.

In 1622, Mr. Thomas Weston, a London merchant, sent over two vessels under the charge of his brother-in-law, Richard Greene. They were named the "Charity," of one hundred tons; and the "Swan," of thirty. The colony was made up of the roughest material, picked up in the streets and docks of London; among them was one surgeon, Mr. Salisbury, and a lawyer from Furnivall's Inn, afterward notoriously known as Thomas Morton of Merry Mount. Such as they were, however, they safely landed at Plymouth toward the end of June,—some sixty stout fellows, without the remotest idea why they had come, or what they had come to do. The old settlers did not look upon them as a very desirable accession to the colony, especially as they early evinced a disinclination to honest labor, and a well-developed appetite for green corn.

It was August before the party reached Wessagusset, and they select-

'for their permanent quarters the south shore of the Fore River. The larger ship, the "Charity," returned to England; and the smaller one, the "Swan," remained for the use of the settlement. Enough supplies were left to last during the winter; but, as they were a wasteful, improvident set, they squandered most of their resources before the winter was begun, and, with their trading with the Indians, ruined the market, giving for a quart of corn what before would have bought a beaver-skin, thus occasioning complaints by the prudent Plymouth settlers.

At the beginning of New Years, the colony found itself face to face with dire want. The hungry settlers bartered every thing they had with the Indians, even to the clothes on their backs, and the blankets from their beds, in exchange for food. They made canoes for the Indians, got a mere pittance of corn became their hewers of wood and drawers of water, thus making the fatal mistake of degrading themselves before the Indians.

During that long, dreary winter, they must have wished themselves back in the slums of London. The cold tide ebbed and flowed before their rude block-house, the frost was in the ground, and the snow was on it. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted, so that they could not kill game. They searched the woods for nuts, and followed out the tide, digging for clams. One poor fellow, in grubbing along the shore for shell-fish, sank into the mud, and, being weak, could not drag himself out, and was found there dead. In all, ten perished.

The settlers alternately cringed before the Indians, and abused them; and they, seeing them so poor and weak and helpless, first grew to despise and then to oppress them. Naturally starving men of their description had recourse to theft, and there was no one to steal from but the Indians; so the Indians found their hidden stores of corn disturbed, and knew just where to look for the thieves. This led to a bit-

put down piracy and the slave-trade, and made it too hot for him, and then he quit it.

As to the truth of the old slaver's statements, if any one doubts them, we should advise such persons to visit the island, where such doubts will be quickly dispelled after an interview with Captain Smith; but, if you object to hearing profane language, then keep clear of the island.

It will be well, too, not to provoke the old man; for, some years ago, the writer, before he became acquainted with his eccentricities, chaffed him a little, and had a musket ball sent whizzing in close proximity to his head. And two years ago, happening to be ashore on the main-land opposite the island, he saw a young man there, in company with others that were camping, with his arm in a sling, and upon inquiry of what the matter was, was informed that he went over to the island for water, and, while carrying the cask on his shoulders down to the boats, a ram butted him, and knocked him over; when he took an oar from the boat, and broke the ram's horn with it, and in return old Smith fired a charge of shot at him, one of which took effect in his arm. If there is any one thing that provokes the old man more than another, it is for persons to land on the island with dogs; for they kill the sheep. Some time since, some men were there gunning, with dogs; and Smith informed them that he would shoot the dogs if they did not take them off the island. One of the men said, if he did, he would shoot him. "Well," replied Smith, "you just wait where you are till I get my gun, and we will have this shooting match settled right away." The men got into their boat in a hurry, without waiting to see who was the best shot.

The old fellow lives on the island all alone summer and winter, and lives on clams, lobsters, fish, and what little vegetables he can raise, and for 50 cents he will boil you a bucketful of clams. A few years ago it was stated in the papers that he had died during the winter and his re-

mains were eaten up by the rats, but the old man is good for some winters yet to come.

This island takes its name from the fact that probably grapes abounded on it once when it was wooded, for considerable quantities are found yet ashore on the main-land but a short distance from the island, where there is the most beautiful woods in the harbor, affording a grateful shade to camping and excursion parties. The island is situated at the entrance to Weymouth Back River, and the woods are on the east side of the river and extend back as far as Downer Landing, from which place the river can be reached, as that is the nearest place the steamer comes to Back River. The only direct way to reach the river is by yachts.

This island was bought some years since by Mr. Samuel Litchfield, for \$6,000, and is used for pasturing sheep and horses.

ter feeling among the Indians. The Indians would not lend or sell them any food; for they did not have any to spare.

Finally the settlers thought of having recourse to violence. They sent a letter by an Indian messenger to the Plymouth people requesting them to assist them in taking from the Indians what was necessary by force; but the Plymouth magistrates would not countenance any such proceeding, neither could they send them any food, but advised them to worry through the winter, and live on nuts and shell-fish, as they themselves were doing, especially as they enjoyed the additional advantage of having an oyster-bed, which the people of Plymouth had not.

Meanwhile they continued robbing the Indians, who retaliated by treating the poor wretches like dogs, and threatened to treat them as they did the unfortunate Frenchmen a few years before, whose vessel they destroyed on Pettick's Island, and killed and made captives of his crew, whose knives and arms they displayed.

Finally one unfortunate and skillful thief was detected, and bitter complaint made against him. The terror-stricken settlers offered to give him up to the savages to be dealt with as they saw fit; but the sachem replied, "Do justice upon him yourselves, and let your neighbors do justice upon theirs," and then left the place indignantly, and the settlers, in their alarm, took the thief, and executed him in the presence of the Indians.

But accounts differ as to whom they hung. Some say that the thief was an able-bodied man, whom they could ill afford to spare; that "he would stand them in some good steede, being younge and stronge, fit for resistance against an enemy;" and that "he was an able-bodied man that ranged the woodes to see what it would afford, he lighted by accident on an Indian barne and from thence did take a capful of corne." "And as they did all agree that one must die and one shall die this young mans clothes we will take off and put upon one that is old and

impotent, a sickly person that cannot escape death that die hee must, put the young mans clothes on this man, and let the sick person be hanged in the other steede." And so the Weymouth hanging passed into history, and was accepted as historical truth.

So through the hard, long, savage winter, those seventy poor hungry wretches shivered around their desolate habitations, or straggled about among the neighboring wigwams, in search of food. Meantime the depredations still went on, and the Indians grew more and more aggressive, and were now watching the Wessagusset settlement very closely, and were determined to rid themselves of their unwelcome neighbors. The settlers still, however, lived on in their reckless way, mixing freely

with the savages, and taking no precaution against surprise; but one of the number was alarmed, and very early one morning, preparing a pack, he took a hoe in his hand, and left the settlement as if in search of nuts or about to dig shell-fish, and, when unobserved by the Indians, plunged into the swamp, and began to make his way, thinly clothed and half starved, and without even a compass, in the direction of Plymouth, and soon after reached the settlement, exhausted but in safety.

The next day, Myles Standish, with a little army of eight men, set sail, and reached the Fore River on the day following; and steered directly for the "Swan," which was lying at her moorings. Greatly to his surprise he found her wholly deserted. A musket was fired, which attracted the attention of a few miserable wretches busy searching for nuts. Standish landed, and after some conversation with some of the principal men, promptly began his preparations to cruelly massacre the Indians.

After an interview with their chief Pecksuot, plans were made to treacherously get all the Indians he could into his power, and then to kill them in cold blood. He accordingly invited them to meet him the

next day inside of his stockade, which the Indians did, they not suspecting treachery. Two of the chiefs, Pecksuot and Wituwamat, and two other of the principal Indians, met Standish and several of his men in a room, where they had a talk. Suddenly Standish gave the signal, and flung himself on Pecksuot, snatching his knife from his sheath on his neck, and stabbing him with it. The door was closed, and a life-and-death struggle ensued. The Indians were taken by surprise; but they fought hard, making little noise, but catching at their weapons, and struggling until they were cut almost to pieces.

Finally Pecksuot, Wituwamat, and a third Indian were killed; while a fourth, a youth of eighteen, was overpowered and secured, whom Standish subsequently hung.

There were eight warriors inside the stockade. Standish and his party killed four, and secured one, and Weston's people dispatched two more. One only escaped to give the alarm, which was rapidly spread through the Indian village.

Standish immediately followed up his advantage, and started in pursuit, and had gone no great distance when a file of Indians were seen approaching. Both parties hurried forward to secure the position of a rising ground near at hand. Standish got to it first, and the Indians at once scattered, sheltering themselves behind trees, and discharged a flight of arrows at their opponents, and then fled to the swamp; only one of the party being injured, a shot breaking his arm.

The Weston colony now dispersed, Standish supplying them with corn, and with what they had robbed the Indians of was sufficient whereon to sustain life. Standish and his party returned, carrying with them the head of Wituwamat to ornament the Plymouth Block-House, as a terror to the Indians. Three men only remained, who had straggled off to an Indian settlement, and whom the Indians put to death in retaliation.

Afterward, speaking of their fate, the Indians said, "When we killed your men, they cried and made ill-favored faces." They were probably put to death with tortures, which distinguish Indian executions.

Thus in failure, disgrace, and murder, ended the first attempt of a settlement at Weymouth; and, as we sail up this beautiful river, we can hardly conceive of the terrible sufferings and deeds of violence and bloodshed perpetrated on these now peaceful-appearing shores.

On entering the river, a small rocky island will be observed on the right hand, or "starboard" as we should say when aboard ship. This is called Raccoon Island.

After a delightful sail up the river, during which many beautiful views can be obtained of the surrounding country, we arrive at Quincy Point, where a bridge crosses the river, which here forms the dividing line between Weymouth and Quincy. On the Weymouth side of the river, near the steamboat landing, is Lovell's Grove, one of the most charming pleasure resorts in the harbor. There are many handsome buildings connected with the grove, such as the dance-halls, restaurant, billiard-hall, bowling-ally, and octagon, summer, and bath-houses, and many devices provided for the entertainment of the old and young, such as tilting-boards, swings, flying-horses, and many other things that our space will not permit a full description of.

Directly opposite the grove is the Pine-Point Hotel, where clam-bakes are provided daily, and where abundant refreshments of the choicest and best quality will be provided to hungry excursionists, who, while enjoying the good cheer that the house affords, can contrast their present condition with that of the starving settlers that once dwelt on this river.

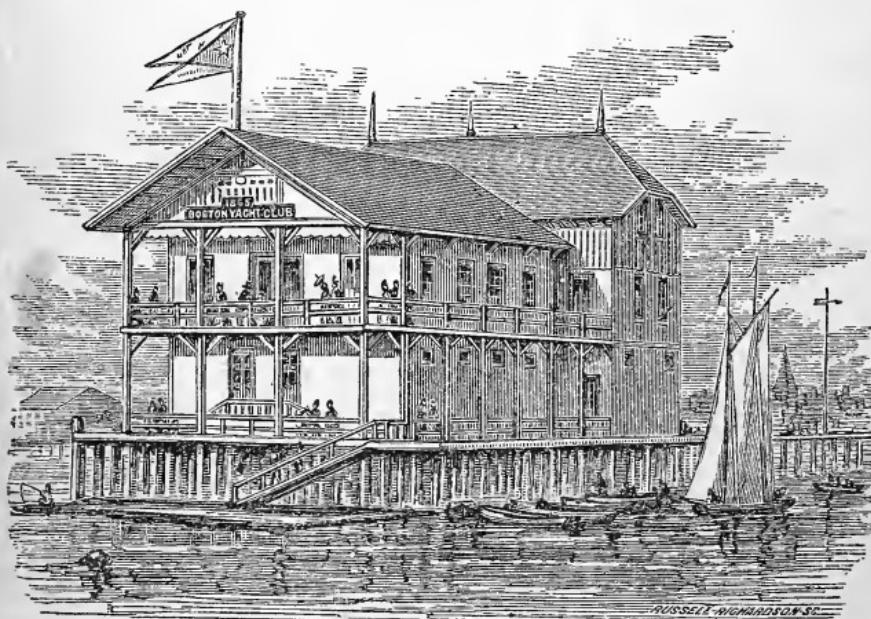
OF BOSTON HARBOR.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROUTE FIFTH.—YACHTING TRIP DOWN THE HARBOR.—DESCRIPTION OF THE YACHTING RENDEZVOUS AT SOUTH BOSTON.—DORCHESTER BAY.—SAVIN HILL.—COMMERCIAL POINT.—NEPONSET RIVER.—SQUANTUM — MOUNT WOLLOSTON.—SETTLEMENT OF SAME BY CAPTAIN WOLLOSTON.—THOMAS MORTON TAKES POSSESSION.—CALLED MERRY MOUNT.—MAY-POLE ERECTED.—DISPLEASURE OF THE PLYMOUTH PEOPLE.—STANDISH BREAKS UP THE SETTLEMENT.

The great yachting rendezvous of Boston and its vicinity is at South Boston Point, which is easily reached by horse-cars or in the summer season by the new line of steamers that ply between Foster's Wharf, City Point, and Long Island. The great attractions that are offered to yachtsmen at the Point is the depth of water, the yachts remaining afloat at all times, and a landing can be made at the different rafts at all stages of the tide. There is but little passing of vessels in Dorchester Bay, and the yachts run no danger of being run down at their moorings; and, again, the Point being the easternmost part of the main-land situated near the city, it gives the yachtsman a good start down the harbor, and, being so ready of access by means of the horse-cars, which run every few minutes, as a yachting rendezvous it cannot be surpassed by any place on the coast. There are located here the two principal Yacht Clubs of New England,—the Boston and the South-Boston Yacht Clubs. Both are incorporated associations, and have commodious houses, wharves, lockers, and so forth, and the best accommodations for yachtsmen that can be found anywhere.

12 Both Club Houses are located at the foot of Sixth Street, and command a fine view of the harbor and islands. The yachts of each club are moored a short distance off shore, numbering several hundred of every conceivable rig, — sloops, schooners, steamers, and a great number of cat-boats. This latter seems to be the favorite rig, as the boats



BOSTON YACHT-CLUB HOUSE.

can be easily managed, and for a few hours' sail in the bay it is the most convenient boat to have.

Beside the yacht clubs, there are numerous hotels or shore-houses, at nearly all of which yachts can be hired with competent skippers if required, each house having a wharf and float stage connected with it. Clam chowder, fish dinner, and other good things can also be procured there. The number of people visiting these establishments has been during the past few years. On Sundays or any holi-

day during the summer season, the Point is visited by immense crowds of people seeking a breath of pure sea air, and watching or participating in a "sail" on Dorchester Bay.

The vacant land that yet remains at the Point should certainly be taken by the city, and used for a public park; for there is no section of the city that offers the inducements in the warm weather that South-Boston Point does to the masses of the people that are unable to go to a longer distance into the country, and there is no more beautiful sight of a sultry day than to sit under the veranda of one of the beach-houses, and watch the yachts sailing with their snowy sails over the blue waters of the bay, bending gracefully to the freshing breeze.

Two first-class hotels are situated here,—the Atlantic House and the Point-Pleasant House,—where board can be obtained for the summer months, so that the yachtsmen and others that enjoy sailing can be near their business, and enjoy better advantages for boating than can be obtained by going to the beach at a much farther distance from home.

This is also the only place in the city where open-sea bathing can be enjoyed. Free baths are provided for ladies and gentlemen, where bathing on the beach can be enjoyed in much warmer water than on the beaches at the entrance to the harbor.

In this chapter we purpose to lay out a sailing route which will describe different portions of the harbor not visited by the steamers. Starting from the "Point," and sailing in a southerly direction across Dorchester Bay, one of the first points of interest noticed will be Savin Hill, a high rocky hill situated on the end of a peninsula, and rising very abruptly from the water by which it is nearly surrounded. It is covered to its summit with very dense woods, mostly savin-trees, hence its name. It is mentioned in the third chapter of this work, where it is alluded to in Roger Clap's Narrative, and described as follows under the name of Rock Hill: —

"It seems many of these People were Trading men & at first designed Dorchester for a place of Trade and accordingly built a fort at Rock Hill wherein were several peices of ordinance near ye Waterside."

Although this was selected from the first landing of the white men for a place of settlement, yet until the last few years no houses were built on it, with the exception of one on the north side of the hill, said to have been Washington's headquarters. Recently many fine residences have been erected here; two beautiful avenues are laid out that encircle the Hill, Savin-Hill Avenue and the Grampian Way. The residences bordering these avenues contain beautifully laid-out grounds; many of them being quite extensive. The hill is rocky, and with its woods, and the magnificent view that can be obtained of the surrounding country from its summit, cannot be surpassed by any other place in the vicinity of Boston; for, although it is within three miles of the State House, and also within the city limits, and in the midst of large and finely kept estates, surrounding handsome dwelling-houses, yet by ascending the hill the reader will plunge into a wilderness, where in some instances progress is forbidden by beetling cliffs or thorny thickets, and where the forest is seen in its primitive wilderness, and as he reaches the brow of the rocky cliff that marks the summit, away off to the eastward can be seen old ocean and Nantasket's pride, her beaches, and the Brewsters, with their ragged storm-beaten shores, and to the north and west the vision gathers in the ever-enlarging metropolis and inland towns, and to the south is Quincy's beauties in rolling hills and ample plains, backed by the bold outlines of the Blue Hills, whence flows the beautiful Neponset River, entering the bay at the feet of the beholder, and the inland scenery is in lovely contrast with the ocean's broad expanse in the other distance. The view we give of Savin Hill is from the north-east, and made from a photograph.

Directly south of Savin Hill is Commercial Point, situated on the

CHAPTER XXII.

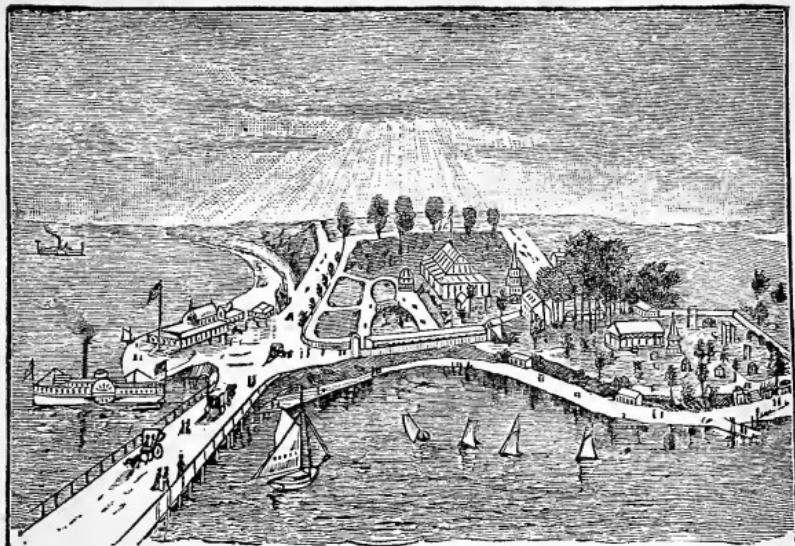
WEYMOUTH BACK RIVER.— DELIGHTFUL CAMPING PLACE.— DESCRIPTION OF SLATE ISLAND.— THE GREAT BREWSTER.— DESCRIPTION OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.— IS DESTROYED BY THE BRITISH.— REBUILT IN 1783.— MIDDLE BREWSTER.— OUTER BREWSTER.— ITS ROMANTIC APPEARANCE.— CALF AND GREEN ISLAND.— THE GRAVES.— MANY WRECKS OCCUR ON THESE ISLANDS YEARLY.— MINOT'S-LEDGE LIGHT.— ITS DESTRUCTION IN THE GREAT STORM OF 1851.— REBUILT IN 1860.

Sailing in a southeasterly direction between Pettick's Island and Hough's Neck, past the entrance to the Weymouth Fore River, and between Grape Island and Lower Neck, we enter Weymouth Back River, one of the most delightful camping places in the harbor. The easterly shore is well wooded, and the land is high and rocky. There is some beautiful scenery up the river, many parts of the shore being wooded to the water's edge, presenting a very picturesque and romantic appearance.

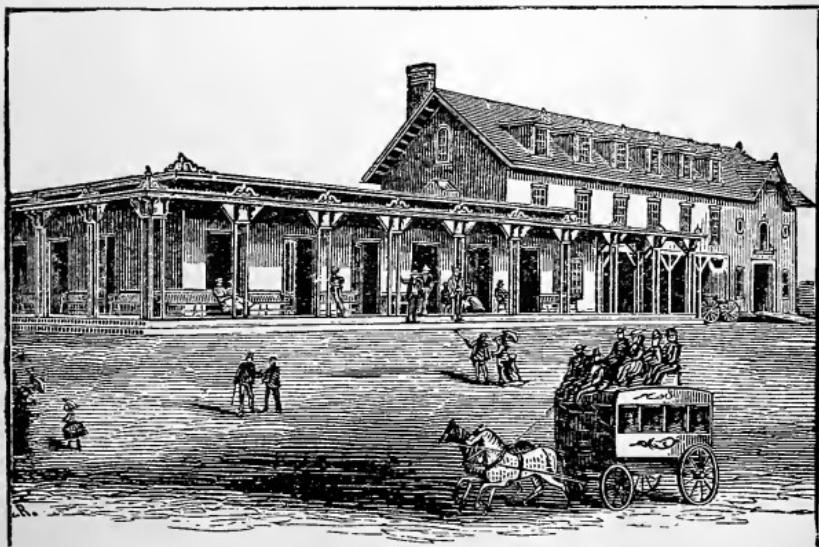
The river can be ascended as far up as the falls at East Weymouth, and the sail or row up the river will amply repay the yachtsman for his trouble. Leaving Back River, and sailing in a northerly direction between Grape Island and Slate Island, we leave the latter on the starboard. This island is composed of slate-stones, whence its name, and is covered with a dense thicket of elderberry and bayberry bushes. Quantities of slate have been obtained from this island years ago; and, although the material has not been of a remarkable quality for the

"Religious Zelots than Honest men, more Parsons than Churches. ed That the people are very busy at detecting one another's failings, and Hill is accounted by their Church Governor a Meritorious Christian that Al~~ways~~trays his Neighbor to a Whipping-post."

for a And such cases of injustice and intolerance even prevail in this State buil~~the~~ the present day; a case of which came to the writer's notice but recently, in an English paper, written by a tourist in Boston, who stated that while stopping at the Parker House, having some leisure time to spare he went across the street to the Court House, and was very much astonished to see hotel keepers and others fined or sent to prison for selling liquor, and was still further astonished, on returning to the hotel to dinner, to see some of the very judges at the bar drinking liquor, thus aiding and abetting the very crime which they had just sentenced men for committing. This of course must have occurred during the enforcement of the prohibitory law a few years ago, and shows that we have yet considerable of the old Puritanical spirit of intolerance that hung the Quakers and other unbelievers, and burnt the witches, and massacred the Indians.

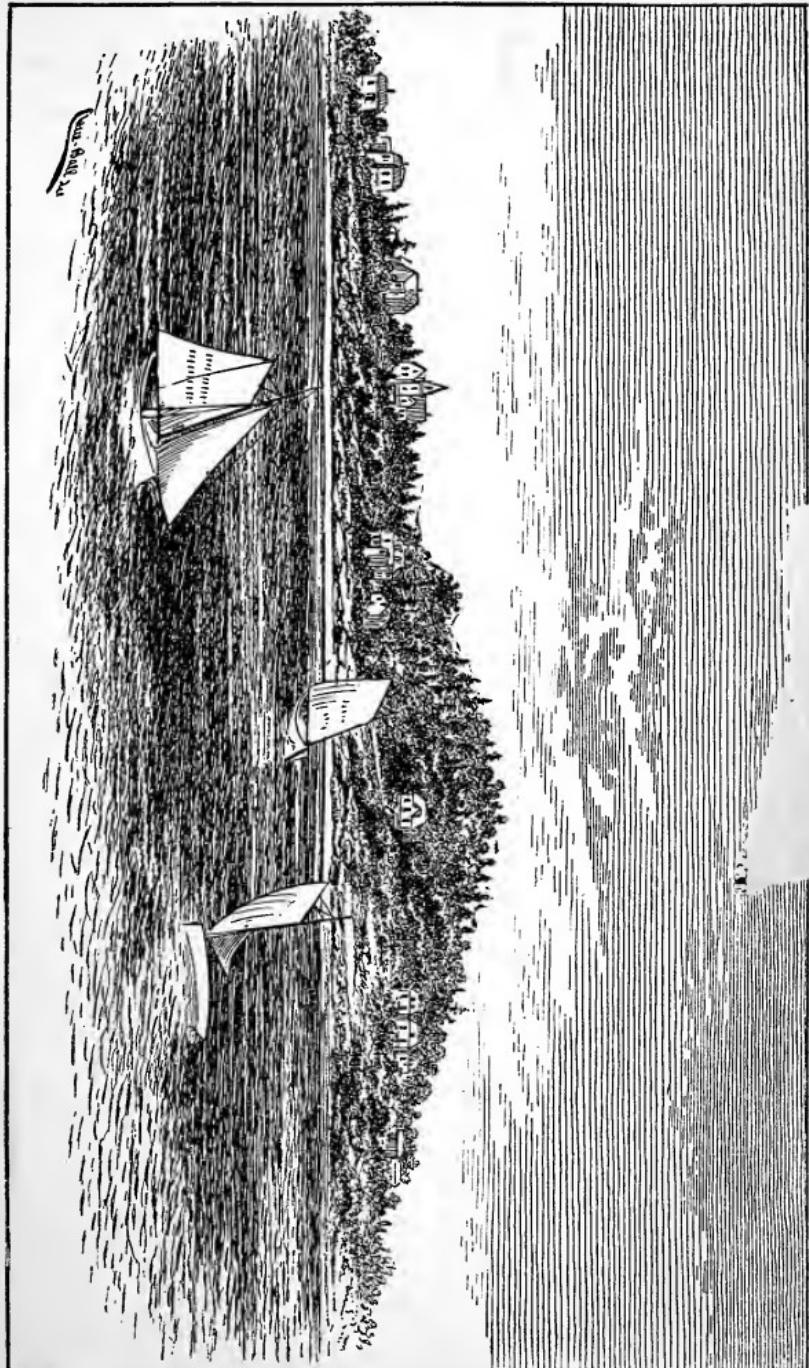


LOVELL'S GROVE.



PINE-POINT HOTEL.

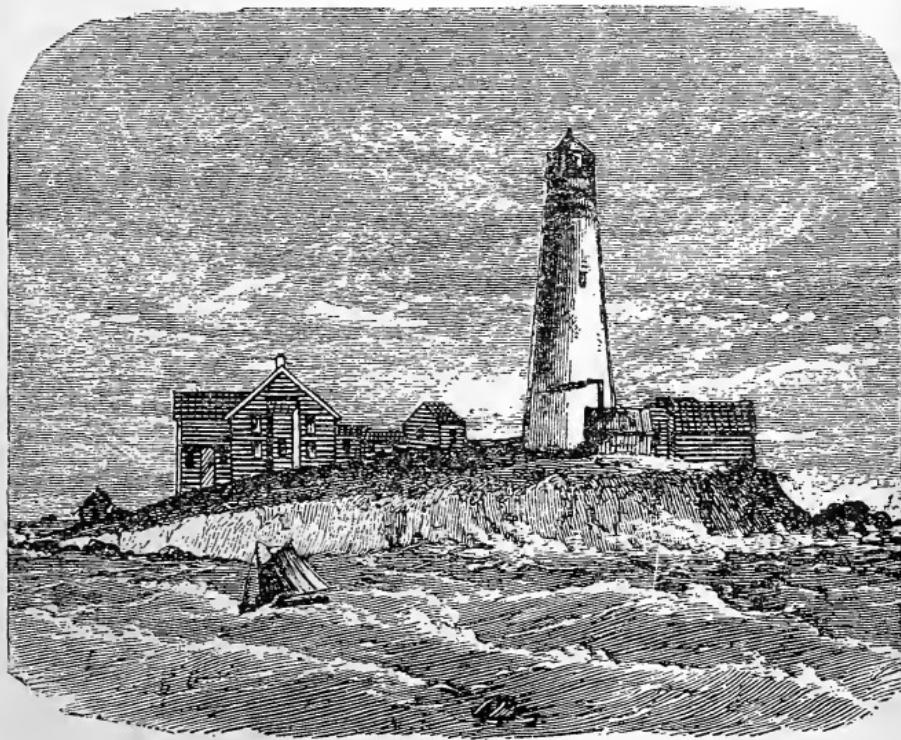
SAVIN HILL: NORTHEAST VIEW.





protection of roofs, it has done good service for underpinning and for cellar walls.

Lately a considerable part of the island has been taken away for ballast, which ought to be stopped, for at the present rate of destruction nothing will be left of the island in a few years but a shoal.



BOSTON LIGHT.

Continuing on through Hull Gut, we soon come to the main ship-channel, lying between the promontory on the south, on which is situated the town of Hull, and the cluster of islands and rocks on the north known as the Brewsters, on one of which is situated "Boston Light."

Having described somewhat fully the islands of the harbor, and the

various passages around and among them, as well as the numerous small coves or harbors connected therewith, before closing this work we will say a few words about this singular group of islands lying at the entrance to the harbor. The first of these, as the harbor is left, is the Great Brewster, which contains about twenty-five acres of land, a great bluff very imperfectly protected by a sea-wall, being very prominent on its "Southerly Point," so called. The island was bought in 1848 by the City of Boston of Mr. Lemuel Brackett, and a portion ceded to the United States the following year for the purpose of building a sea-wall for the better protection of the harbor, the channels of which were rapidly shoaling from the washing-away of this island, the *débris* of which formed a spit extending westerly a mile and a half long, which is dry at low tide, and upon the extremity of which is the Beacon, or Bug Light, mentioned in a previous chapter. The cottage seen on the island is the summer residence of the Hon. Benjamin Dean, who leased the island from the city.

Southeast of the Great Brewster, and connected with it by a bar which is exposed at low water, is the Little Brewster, on which is situated the chief light-house of the harbor.

The inhabitants of Boston began very early in the last century to consider the subject of establishing a light-house at the entrance to the harbor, so large had become their commerce with foreign countries. Accordingly in 1715 an act was passed, "to build a light-house on the southernmost point of the Great Brewster called Beacon Island, because there had been a great discouragement to navigation by the loss of the lives and estates of several of His Majesties subjects, and that after the building of the light-house and kindling a light, in it to be kept from sun setting to sun rising, that an impost shall be paid by the masters of all Ships and Vessels, coming in and going out of the harbor. Except

Coasters the duty of One Penny per Ton, Inwards and One Penny per Ton, Outwards, before they Load or Unload the Goods therein."

The first light-house keeper was George Worthylake, who was brought up in the harbor, and whose father had been for many years a resident of the island where Fort Warren is now situated. He himself dwelt at Lovell's Island, where his farm was. He was paid fifty pounds for his services the first year, but had an increase the second year to seventy pounds on account of the loss of fifty-nine sheep which were drowned during the winter of 1716, they having been driven into the sea by a storm through want of his care of them when obliged to attend the light-house. Mr. Worthylake was unfortunately drowned, together with his wife Ann and his daughter Ruth, off Noddle's Island, now East Boston, while on their way to the town. This incident was the origin of the ballad called the "Light-house Tragedy," which Franklin says he was induced by his brother to write, print, and sell about the street, and which he says sold prodigiously, though it was "wretched stuff."

The old light-house was much injured by fire in 1751, and was struck several times by lightning. During the Revolutionary War it fared hard. A party went from Milton in 1775, and destroyed all its wood work and the lantern; and, after it had been repaired by the British Admiral Graves, it was destroyed again the same year. After the British evacuated Boston the Continentals began to bring their guns to bear on the fleet, and Mr. Ezekiel Price narrates that "about six o'clock June 13, 1776, the cannon on Long Island began to play upon the shipping, which obliged them to weigh their anchors, and make the best of their way out of the harbor. As they passed Nantasket and the light-house our artillery gave them some shot from Nantasket Hill." [The earth-works can still be seen near the signal station at Hull.] "The enemy sent their boats on shore at Light-house Island and brought from thence a party there placed of Regulars, afterward which they destroyed the

Light-house, and then the whole fleet made all the sail they could and went to sea steering their course eastward."

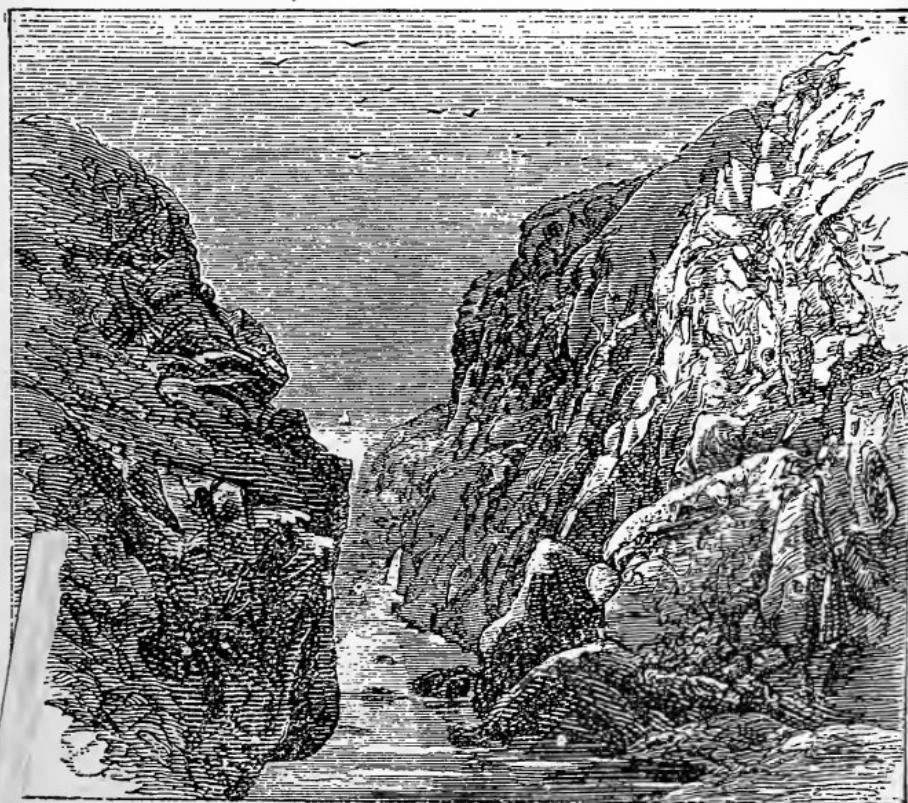
The commander of this ship, the "Renown," of fifty guns, Captain Bangs, after taking off his men from the island, left a quantity of gunpowder so arranged that it took fire about an hour afterward, and blew up the brick tower.

The present light-house was erected in 1783, but has been several times refitted since then with improved apparatus, and in 1860 the old tower was raised in height, it now measuring ninety-eight feet above sea-level. The white tower with its black lantern and revolving light can be seen at a distance of sixteen nautical miles if the weather be fair and the sky clear, and is an imposing object with its neighbor the fog-horn when viewed from vessels on entering or leaving the harbor.

Northeast of the Great Brewster is the Middle Brewster, composed almost entirely of rocks, but it has upon it about ten acres of fair soil fit for cultivation. This island has several neatly constructed houses on it, in which resides the families of fishermen and other seafaring men, and on the top of the island will be noticed a handsome square cottage, which is the summer residence of Augustus Russ, Esq. Farther east lies the Outer Brewster, apparently a huge mass of rocks cut up by the sea into ravines and chasms; yet within this rough exterior is contained an oasis of good soil and a natural pond and spring of fresh water. A small house stood in this fertile spot a few years ago, inhabited for a number of years by the late Mr. Austin, who owned the island, and led a hermit's life here for many years. He made an artificial harbor hewed out of the solid rock, which nearly divides it into two islands. This was intended for a haven for small vessels, and with a gate at its mouth it furnished a good dock when occasion required. The owners of this property at one time expected to realize considerable by the sale of stone for building purposes. But now Mr. Austin is dead, the house

burnt by roughs from the city, and the harbor destroyed by storms which have made such inroads of late years as to separate the island into two parts in stormy weather.

This island is one of the most romantic places near Boston, far surpassing Nahant or any other place on the coast of Massachusetts Bay in

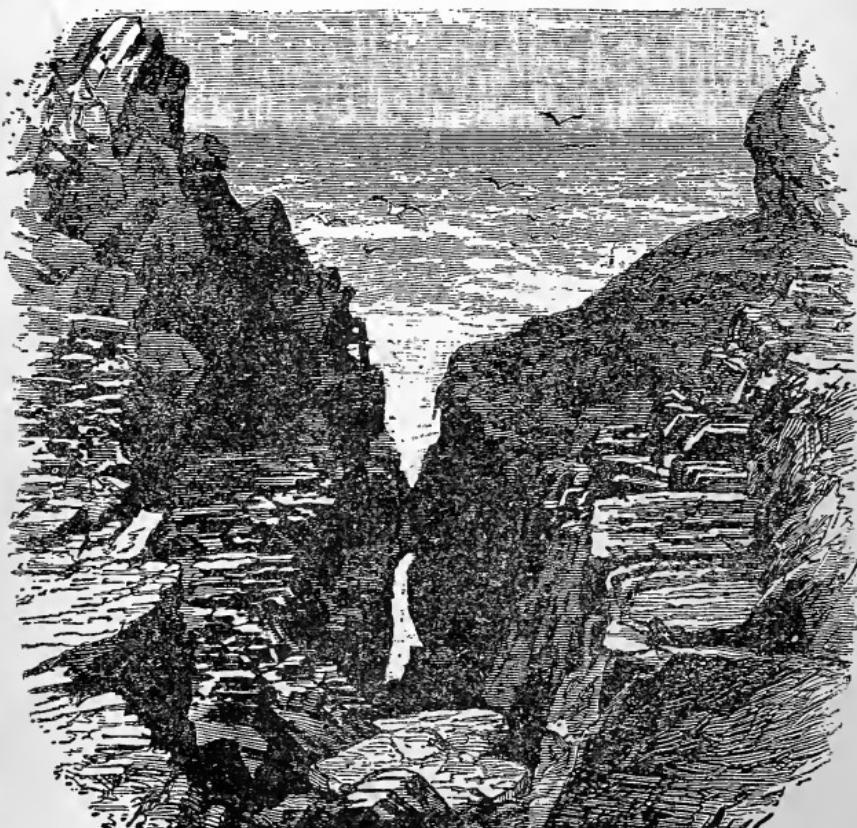


AUSTIN'S HARBOR, OUTER BREWSTER.

its wild rocks, chasms, caves, and overhanging cliffs, and is the only island in the harbor where a landing cannot be made in all weather. During a storm the island is entirely unapproachable, and many lives have been lost in trying to land in stormy weather. There is also no

anchorage for a boat or vessel here at such times, and woe be to the vessel that should be driven on here in a storm, for she would go to pieces as soon as she struck, and no living soul could land on these rocks at such a time without being dashed to pieces.

The writer was on this island a few days ago, and saw the remains of



THE GORGE, OUTER BREWSTER.

a coasting schooner strewed round about the rocks, and was informed by some fishermen on the Middle Brewster that she came on the rocks during a stormy night a few months previous. They discovered in the morning her masts on the rocks, and her anchor and chains, which she

had let go, but too late to save her from going on the rock and being dashed to pieces. Nothing was known as to what vessel it was, where from, or how many composed her crew. Every living being was lost. This occurs every year, and many are the vessels that have been dashed to atoms on the rocks of this island.

The island is now owned by the Hon. Benjamin Dean, who bought it of Austin's heirs a few years since for \$1,000. It can hardly ever be put to any use on account of its unapproachable condition. As its name signifies, it is the outermost island in the harbor, extending beyond all others into the ocean.

South of the Outer Brewster lie the Shag Rocks. These are dangerous to mariners, and cause shipwrecks every year. In 1860 the "Maritana" was lost here, and twenty-six men perished; and only a few months ago a Philadelphia collier was lost on these rocks, which furnished the Hull wreckers with their winter supply of coal. These rocks are nearly covered at high water. The frequent loss of vessels on these rocks should be sufficient warning to the United-States authorities to proceed at once to the erection of some suitable protection against such dreadful losses.

As the Brewsters form the northern boundary to the harbor, so Point Allerton forms the southern. This point takes its name from Mr. Isaac Allerton, the famous agent of the Plymouth Company, and a passenger in the "May Flower" in 1620, and was so named by the Plymouth Pilgrims in one of their early visits here; and they called the islands at the entrance to the harbor "the Brewsters" in respect to his wife's brother and sister, the children of Mr. William Brewster, the ruling elder of New Plymouth.

North of the Great Brewster is Calf Island, containing ten acres and several houses. On this island is a very pretty grove of wild-cherry

trees, some pleasant beaches, and wild basaltic rock. North of it is the Little Calf, so called, which is uninhabited.

Just north of the above-mentioned group is the Hypocrite Channel, a very dangerous passage, but little used at the present time, but in former years considered one of the principal entrances to the harbor. Through this channel we will sail on our return to the harbor, leaving on our starboard Greene Island, the least pleasantly situated of all the islands at the entrance of the harbor, yet it is not uninhabited, and at the time of the destruction of Minot's-Ledge Light in 1851, the tide rose so high that its two inhabitants had to be taken off in one of the pilot boats.

On this island resided many years a strange being, singular in his habits, and possessing a very independent spirit. Mr. Choate was not far from seventy years of age when he was forced to leave his chosen abode of twenty years, in the winter of 1865, and accept the protection of the Harbor Police. It seems in his younger days he was an ordinary seaman, and about the year 1845 he built himself a rudely constructed hut on this island, and sustained himself by fishing, subsisting on fish, lobsters, and muscles. The severity of the weather was such that he must have perished but for his timely rescue. He was sent to the almshouse at Bridgewater, where he subsequently died.

Northwest of Greene and Calf Islands are Alderidge's Ledge, Half-Tide Rocks, the Devil's Back (dry at low water), Maffit's Ledge, Commissioner's Ledge, and Barrel Rock. This last rock was a great obstruction to navigation, and was entirely removed in 1869. It was an immense boulder of Medford granite, and was undoubtedly carried there by some ancient glacier.

To the eastward are Martin's Ledge, Boston Ledge, and Roaring Bulls; and to the southeast are Thieves' Ledge (a noted fishing ground), and Harding's Ledge, the most dangerous obstacles to the en-

trance to the harbor, on which many vessels are lost. A few years ago a steamer went to pieces on these rocks. The Big Harding is four feet out of water at low tide. On this ledge is placed a bell-buoy and beacon.

Northeast of the Brewsters is the Graves, on which there is a horn-buoy, whose dismal notes can be heard at all times, caused by the rising and falling of the sea, which forces the air through the horn, making a



THE GRAVES.

most mournful sound, like a funeral dirge for the many deaths that have occurred on its treacherous rocks, so truly and fearfully named, for they have too often proved to be the graves of the sea-tossed and worn-out mariner when in sight of his home and friends, after supposing all trials and dangers were passed. A landing on these rocks can be made only when the sea is smooth. In storms they are completely washed, and the surf breaks over the highest part of them.

Six miles southeast of the Hardings is Minot's-Ledge Light, built on

the extreme end of the ledge, which extends out about two miles into the ocean from the Cohasset shore, and is the most dangerously situated light-house on the Atlantic coast, rising as it does from the waters to a great height, and in rough weather the sea breaks completely over it, swaying the solid tower of rock violently to and fro, so that a bucket of water slops over, leaving it only about half full. The foundation is beneath the water, and is partially artificial, as there was not sufficient rock there to build the light-house on without adding to it. During the great storm of April 16, 1851, the light-house was destroyed, and the keepers lost their lives. The foundation stone of the present tower was laid in 1858, and the light-house completed in 1860.

Returning to the harbor by way of the Hypocrite Channel, Broad Sound and President's Roads, as marked on the map with dotted lines, we arrive back again at City Point, our place of departure; and with this chapter the description of the islands and harbor closes. Nevertheless another chapter will be given for the purpose of describing one of the most sanguinary battles in the history of naval warfare that was fought at the entrance to Boston Harbor, and which properly belongs in a history of this harbor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BLOCKADE OF BOSTON HARBOR BY THE "SHANNON." — CAPTAIN BROKE'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE. — PREPARING FOR BATTLE. — THE CHALLENGE. — EXTRACTS FROM BOSTON PAPERS. — DESCRIPTION OF THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND HER COMMANDER. — HER DEPARTURE FROM BOSTON. — DISSATISFACTION AMONG HER CREW. — SIZE AND ARMAMENT OF EACH VESSEL.

Sixty-six years ago, there was fought, to the northeast of Boston Light a distance of about six leagues, the memorable battle between the "Shannon" and "Chesapeake." No action between single ships of the same force ever had such moral effect, or was the cause of so much rejoicing in England, as that between these frigates. The action must not be judged by their tonnage or weight of metal, — for a single gun from one of England's ironclads of today would throw more metal than was projected by a broadside from either or both of these vessels, — but rather by the consequences, real or supposed, derived from the victory on the one hand, and defeat on the other. The result of the previous action between the "Constitution" and "Guerriere," "Wasp" and "Frolic," "United States" and "Macedonian," "Constitution" and "Java," and "Hornet" and "Peacock," in which the gallant Lawrence captured the latter, had shaken the belief of England in the invincibility of her wooden walls after deriding our "pine-built boxes of guns." After the many defeats the British sustained on the elements they had prided themselves upon being invincible on, the assertion

was generally made that our frigates were underrated and were seventy-fours in disguise; and they soothed their pride by saying our ships were manned by Englishmen, who fought desperately, because with halters around their necks. Here in this action between the "Shannon" and "Chesapeake," where the ships were evenly matched, or, as they claimed, our ship was of greater tonnage, heavier armament, and was better manned, the tide of victory was turned from us, and the old supremacy of Great Britain as "ruler of the seas" again maintained.

During the war of 1812-13, Boston Harbor was closely blockaded by the British fleet, and in April, 1813, Captain Philip Broke, of the frigate "Shannon," was ordered to this station. Broke had long and eagerly desired the opportunity of throwing some gallant deed into the scale as a counterpoise to the "Guerriere," the "Macedonian," the "Java," and the "Peacock," and add new lustre to the waning supremacy of the British navy. This desire had been greatly increased by the various challenges which had passed between irate commanders on both sides and by inflammatory and deeply wounding newspaper articles. His opportunity was near at hand; for from information obtained from captured vessels and from reconnoitring, he had every reason to suppose that the frigates "President," "Congress," "Constitution," and "Chesapeake" were refitting in Boston Harbor, under the direction of such able naval officers as Commodore Rogers and Captain James Lawrence, who had recently captured the "Peacock." The movements of the "Shannon" while blockading the harbor previous to the battle will be best described from extracts from Captain Broke's letters to his wife as follow: —

"MARCH 20, OFF HALIFAX. — We shall go with our old trio of frigates off Boston and Rhode Island; and our "Curlew," which is gone after a rogue upon the coast, will join us, and if our adversary will

not come and dispute the ground fairly with us will punish him by harassing his trade."

"MARCH 27. 'SHANNON,' OFF BOSTON.—*My dear beloved L—,*
— Since sailing, we missed the others, and are now with the "Tendos" only, sauntering off Boston. I had flattered myself that Sunday might afford some peaceful moments to chat with my L—; but two silly little vessels came in our way, and took up all my time,— one a poor schooner confiding in a bad license, but we let her go and supplied her with provisions; the other I had a great mind to stop,— it was a cartel of American prisoners, all the way from Madeira. As the American President had stopped the exchange, I had ought to have sent these folks to prison, but contented myself with sending a warning by them that we should retaliate (if they do not behave more civilly) and send all the citizens we catch to Halifax as sureties for our countrymen's good treatment till they are fairly released. The rogues owe us four times as many prisoners as they have got of our men."

"MAY 5.— The enemy have sent me no frigate, though we have been watching vigilantly; and, having made no captures, this cruise has been a dull one to the crew. As the people here are pacific Yankees, I would not destroy their coasters and have met none worth taking. This morning, after some sharp chasing, our squadron have hunted down two small vessels. I don't yet know what they are; but, as we may despatch them to Halifax, I shall make sure to write you now that we are well and in good spirits. I must go and look what our prizes are. One is a privateer (American) of twelve guns, which had taken two vessels that I fear got in whilst we were all amused hunting him. 'Nymph' came up first with this; and what 'Tendos' has got I don't know yet. I am anxious to speak to them to know about the frigates.

These little reptiles are neither honor or advantage to us; and I would not stay here another campaign for all the spoils which our navy have made upon the enemy during the war."

"MAY 9.—Our little captures are of no value; though the seizing of one is a good deal, as she was a stout privateer, and capable of much mischief to our trade. I fear our intended adversary, Rogers, and his comrade 'Congress' did not come out to meet us. They started suddenly on a change of wind, and must be now far away. We have now little hope but of meeting the 'Chesapeake,' who is nearly ready, or 'Essex' on her return. I feel much mortified at 'President's' escaping us, after watching so long and anxiously for him. God send us better fortune to finish our campaign creditably. The day those rogues sailed was thick weather. We must have been very close to them, but they did not seek us. You will hear of their doing mischief off the Western Islands, or Greenland, or St. Helena, or Lord knows where, but wherever they may find our trade unprotected. We are glad to see that old England is at last aroused to anger. Now the old lion is in wrath we shall act with energy. I hope Boston will be added to the ports under arrest, and we will pinch them into repentance for this wanton war of theirs. As yet we have not harassed them closely; as the destruction of their poor little coasters, whilst such a trade is licensed, will only be distressing to a few poor individuals, while the rich merchant will escape the lash. War is our natural state in Europe; but to America it is a terrible visitation, ruining all their fair-weather prosperity they have so long enjoyed and might still have done had they been wise."

"SHANNON," OFF BOSTON, MAY 29, 1813.—We still haunt this tiresome place without any success to reward us; indeed I have been so particularly anxious to watch the great ships that it has thrown us much

out of the way of the smaller though richer prizes. Since Rogers escaped us, we have rarely hunted our game far from his den, which still contains another wild beast. I feel very naughty in not having written you a few lines last week by 'Curlew,' whom we sent to Halifax, with prisoners; but you must forgive me. 'Nymph' went in from La Hogue some weeks ago, and should now be rejoining us with packets. My constant comrade, Parker, I detached two days ago on a separate range, that we might show an ever-inviting appearance to our enemy, now only a single frigate of our own size. We shall do a grand service if we can get hold of him, preventing all the mischief he would do to our trade if he escaped out, and I trust in God and my brave crew in brightening up the honor of our flag and soothing the feelings of our countrymen for their late mortification. I think I shall soon be home again with my L——. We are all well and in excellent order."

"Since I wrote we took 'L'Invincible,' a fine ship of twenty guns. She ran ashore; but we quieted the militia, and got the ship off safe. We had a very pretty hunt last Monday, and caught an elegant little creature called the 'Postboy;' we sent him galloping to New Brunswick instead of St. Domingo, where he intended to go. Parker took a fine 'Enterprise' (a privateer) last week, and two days since we caught a 'Lucy.' She was a taken brig of Halifax, and I could hardly find beans enough to send her home; but I did not like to burn her. For my part, my beloved L——, my wishes will be satisfied in regard to all prizes when some honorable action leaves me at leisure to 'homeward plod my weary way' in poor old shattered 'Shannon.' You will imagine that I am even here frequently awakened to sorrowful recollections when the ships we meet and the small coasters in particular are from Ipswich, Norwich, or Plymouth; indeed English and mostly Suffolk names are frequent on this coast. Dedham and Cambridge are very near me. I have not yet been severe with any of these half-countrymen

of ours, but fear that I must begin to pester them now, as their President's troops are at last invading Canada.

"MAY 31.—Today the 'Hunter' was recaptured, a poor little Halifax ship taken by the Yankees. We released her and sent her home to her owners. 'Chesapeake' not gone. Adieu. God bless and cheer you in all health and happiness. Yours affectionately,

"P. B. V. BROKE."

This was Captain Broke's last letter to his wife, written May 31, the day before the battle. On the afternoon of the 30th, the "Shannon" fell in with the British privateer-brig, "Sir John Sherbrooke." This vessel had on board fifty-two Irish laborers taken three days previous out of the American privateer "Governor Plummer," which had captured the ship "Duck" from Waterford to Bruin, Newfoundland, having these men on board as passengers. Thirty of them had entered on board of the "Sir John Sherbrooke," and the remaining twenty-two entered on the "Shannon," which about filled the places of the prize crews sent into Halifax with the captured prizes. The next day was spent in drilling the Irishmen, and writing a challenge to Captain Lawrence, which for candor, spirit, and gentlemanly style, has been rarely equaled. This challenge was sent June 1, 1813, by Captain Slocum, the captain of the American privateer, which had been captured and burnt a few days previous. He landed in his boat at Marblehead; and then the "Shannon," with colors flying, stood away for Boston Light. Captain Broke went himself to the mast-head, and while aloft saw Slocum's boat had not yet reached the shore in time for the delivery of his letter, which ran as follows:—

“H. B. M. SHIP ‘SHANNON,’ OFF BOSTON, JUNE, 1813.

“Sir,—As the ‘Chesapeake’ appears now ready for sea, I request that you will do me the favor to meet the ‘Shannon’ with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support. After the diligent attention which we had paid to Commodore Rogers, the pains I took to detach all force but the ‘Shannon’ and ‘Tenedos’ to such a distance that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the capes, and the various verbal messages which had been sent into Boston to that effect, we were much disappointed to find the commodore had eluded us by sailing on the first change, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He, perhaps, wished for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting. I am, therefore, induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that what I write, I pledge my honor to perform to the utmost of my power. The ‘Shannon’ mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat-gun—eighteen-pounders upon her main-deck, and thirty-two-pound carronades on her quarter-deck and forecastle, and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I am thus minute, because a report has prevailed in some of the Boston papers that we had 150 men additional lent us from ‘La Hogue,’ which really never was the case. ‘La Hogue’ is now gone to Halifax for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you wherever it is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the undermentioned rendezvous,

viz., from six to ten leagues east of Cape-Cod light-house; from eight to ten leagues east of Cape Ann's light; on Cashe's Ledge, in latitude 43 degrees north; at any bearing and distance you please to fix, off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoal on St. George's Bank.

"If you will favor me with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise) should any of my friends be too nigh, or anywhere in sight, until I can detach them out of my way; or I would sail with you, under a flag of truce, to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

"You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the 'Chesapeake' without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of a recontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the 'Chesapeake,' or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for acceding to this invitation; we have both nobler motives.

"You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs, in even combats, that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favor me with a speedy reply.

"We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"P. B. V. BROKE,

"Captain of H. B. M. ship 'Shannon.'

"N. B.—For the general service of watching your coast it is requi-

site for me to keep another ship in company to support me with her guns and boats, when employed near the land, and particularly to aid each other if either ship, in chase, should get on shore. You must be aware that I cannot, consistently with my duty, waive so great an advantage for this general service by detaching my consort without an assurance on your part of meeting me directly, and that you will neither seek nor admit aid from any other of your armed vessels if I despatch mine expressly for the sake of meeting you.

"Should any special order restrain you from thus answering a formal challenge, you may yet oblige me by keeping my proposal a secret, and appointing any place you like to meet us (within 300 miles of Boston), in a given number of days after you sail; as, unless you agree to an interview, I may be busied on other service, and, perhaps, be at a distance from Boston when you go to sea.

"Chose your terms, but let us meet.

"To the commander of the U. S. frigate 'Chesapeake.' "

Endorsement on the envelope:—

"We have thirteen American persons on board which I will give you for as many British sailors, if you will send them out; otherwise, being privateersmen, they must be detained."

The morning of that eventful day, Tuesday, June, 1, 1813, broke over the shores and islands of Boston Harbor in unclouded summer loveliness. A faint breeze rippled the waters, and the rising sun cast long rays of light and broken brilliancy over the wide and gently heaving bosom of Boston Bay. The "Shannon," under easy sail, slowly floated down the eastern coast in order to take an early look into the harbor and upon the vessels of the enemy. Viewed from seaward, a more

peaceful scene could scarcely be conceived. The light-house, friendly alike to friend and foe, the distant shore—the light hazy clouds over the port and town of Boston—and the lofty masts and wide-spread spars of the man-of-war lying ready for sea—these, as usual, were the prominent objects on which the eager and anxious gaze of Broke had often before rested. But today, or at farthest tomorrow, he had strong hopes the issue would be decided. His challenge, that model of the utterance of a bravery which had well calculated and was now resolute to stand the hazard of the die, had gone forth. Meanwhile all went on as usual on board the well-ordered, well-trained, and well-disciplined “Shannon.” At ten A. M. these duties were being discharged; the beat to quarters rattled along the decks, and sent its short, sharp, and alert summons down the hatchways of the “Shannon.” Quickly, silently, and resolutely the men repaired to their appointed stations; and the great gun exercise, without firing, was assiduously practiced as the British frigate with light airs made quiet reaches to and fro across the bay in sight of the “Chesapeake,” which was now seen at anchor in Nantasket Roads, with royals across and apparently ready for sea. It was at this time that the vigilant captain in the prime of his manhood and the calm of his settled purpose to conquer or die for his country’s honor, ascended to the maintop of the “Shannon.” Until half-past eleven he remained there, watching eagerly the tapering masts and wide-spread yards of the beleaguered ship, which beyond a loose fore-topsail gave no signs of her departure. Slowly, and deeply disappointed, Broke descended to the deck, and ordered the retreat from quarters. He still lingered on deck; for the tide was flowing, and the day already beginning to wane. In that quiet hour of rest at meridian, eight bells, the word passed on lightning wings along the decks, “She is coming out;” and soon every eye was on her movements, and now the watch and ward of weary, tiresome weeks was ended. Sail after sail spread

forth, flag after flag unfurled, and with all the speed the light air and ebbing tide would yield her, and attended by a large number of schooners, sloops, and a crowd of small crafts, the "Chesapeake" bore down on her waiting adversary.



CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

When it became generally known in Boston that a British frigate lay at the entrance to the harbor, daring the American frigate to combat, the gallant Lawrence, just returned from a victorious cruise, determined to teach the insolent Britishers a lesson for daring to "beard the lion in his den," and to say that Commodore Rogers and others stole away, and did not dare to fight. When Lawrence came to Boston after taking the "Peacock," a new ship was assigned to him; the "Chesapeake," which had been fired into by the "Leopard" when she refused to be searched for English seamen, and which was the cause of the war between Great Britain and the United States. The "Chesapeake" had

borne the name of an unlucky ship ever since the day when the first blood spilt in this war had stained her decks. Nearly all the sailors in the navy had a good deal of reluctance to ship on board of her. With the usual superstition of sailors, they said that sooner or later the "Chesapeake" would come to a bad end.Flushed and happy from his late victory, the gallant Lawrence took command of her. He was especially popular with the seamen. When they heard he had taken command of the "Chesapeake," — notwithstanding the bad name she bore, — they flocked to his standard in great numbers from all the adjacent ports, and enabled him not only to fill up the complement of the ship's crew with picked men, but to add to their number many additional volunteers selected from the best seamen in the Eastern States. So entirely did the people of Boston expect an easy and speedy victory under so able a commander as the gallant Lawrence, that it is said that they prepared a banquet for the captors on their return from the conflict, to which Captain Broke and his officers were to be invited. The wharf from which the last boat was despatched to the ship was crowded with an excited and exulting throng, who cheered their departing friends. There were some, however, who had forebodings, and did not enter into this feeling of confident triumph.

It is said that several friends who accompanied Captain Lawrence, together with his two youthful sons, to the wharf from which he was to pull aboard of the "Chesapeake," had warned him to "Be cautious. Take heed. We know every British ship on the station but this 'Shannon.'" A negro in the crowd on the wharf, who had spent the greater part of his life about the dockyard at Halifax, observed in the boat a colored friend, and shouted, "Good-by, Sam! you is going to Halifax sure before you comes back to Bosting." For this he was thrown into the dock amid the execrations and derision of the townsmen, and narrowly escaped with his life.

The "Chesapeake" sailed down the harbor to her waiting adversary with three flags flying,—the ensign, and two others on which was inscribed "Sailor's Rights," and "Free Trade." Captain Lawrence addressed his men in a short discourse, closing with the words, "'Peacock' her, my lads! 'Peacock' her!'" He then ascended the quarter-deck with the determination of wreaking the like speedy destruction on the "Shannon" as he had on the "Peacock." His words, however, fell on irresponsive and misgiving hearts. There was murmuring forward, and depressing caution aft.

Discontent was apparent among a part of the crew; and complaints were uttered of not having received their prize money from the last cruise. The boatswain, Peter Adams, who was on the "Constitution" when she took the "Guerriere," was the principal instigator of their dissatisfaction. Captain Lawrence, to remove the cause of their complaint, and to stimulate his men, ordered the purser to give prize checks to those who had received none. This did not compare well with the strict discipline and admirable order that reigned on the "Shannon," whose crew for more than seven years, in fair weather and foul, in calm and in storm, in the excitement of the chase and in the monotony of the morning and evening exercise, had learned to know each other thoroughly. Discipline was paramount, and consequently every duty was quickly, noiselessly, and efficiently discharged. The difference between the two crews more than balanced the advantage the "Chesapeake" had over the "Shannon" in size, and number of crew. And this lack of discipline was one cause that led to the disastrous consequences that followed. The size, armament, and number of crew of each vessel were as follow: "Chesapeake," 1135 tons, 49 guns, and 440 men. "Shannon," 1065 tons, 52 guns, and 330 men.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN BROKE'S ADDRESS.—POSITION OF THE TWO VESSELS.—THE BATTLE.—BROKE LEADS THE BOARDER.—LAWRENCE MORTALLY WOUNDED.—TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON BROKE.—HE IS SEVERELY WOUNDED.—THE "CHESAPEAKE" IS CAPTURED.—APPEARANCE OF THE VESSELS AFTER THE CONFLICT.—THEY SAIL FOR HALIFAX.—DEATH OF LAWRENCE.

Captain Lawrence weighed anchor and stood down the bay with a pleasant breeze from the southwest, passing the light-house through the main ship-channel. The "Chesapeake" approached the "Shannon." The latter stood off under easy sail, and thus, till half-past four in the afternoon, the two ships moved further from shore. At that time the "Chesapeake" fired a gun, and the "Shannon" hove to with her head to the southward. On the "Chesapeake" her commander was temporizing with his disaffected crew. Far different was it aboard of the "Shannon." The moment, the long-desired moment of reckoning was at hand; and but one feeling prevailed among the crew,—to exact it to the utmost. Captain Broke's address to his men was received in an entirely different spirit to what Captain Lawrence's was. Broke addressed them thus:—

"‘‘ Shannons !’ You know that, from various causes, the Americans have lately triumphed, on several occasions, over the British flag in our frigates. This will not daunt you, since you know the truth; that disparity of force was the chief reason. But they have gone farther; they





have said, and they have published it in their papers, that the English have forgotten the way to fight. You will let them know today there are Englishmen in the ‘Shannon’ who still know how to fight. Don’t try to dismast her. Fire into her quarters; main-deck into main-deck; quarter-deck into quarter-deck. Kill the men and the ship is yours. Don’t hit them about the head, for they have steel caps on, but give it them through the body. Don’t cheer. Go quietly to your quarters. I feel sure you will all do your duty; and remember, you have now the blood of hundreds of your countrymen to avenge !”

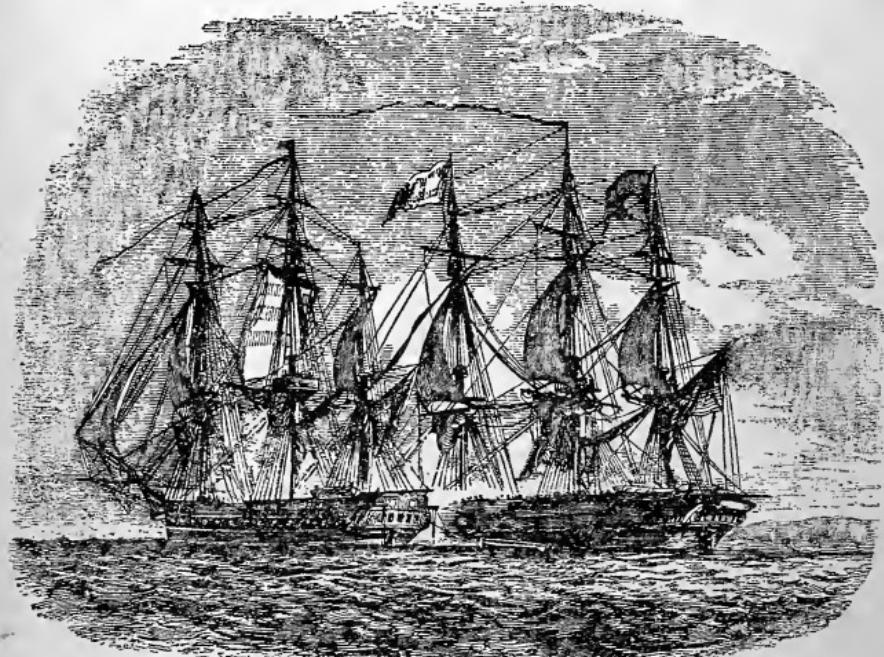
At this stirring and touching allusion to the “Guerriere,” the “Macedonian,” and the “Java,” a dead and heavy silence rested over the decks of the “Shannon,” broken only once before a shot was fired by one of the former crew of the “Guerriere,” who said, “I hope, sir, you will give us revenge for the ‘Guerriere’ today?” To which Broke replied, “You shall have it, my man. Go to quarters.”

All now went silently and resolutely to their station, till the stillness was broken by a gun fired from the “Chesapeake,” which signified that they had gone far enough, and that perhaps the “Shannon” was decoying her to some comrade. At this moment, all being ready for action, Boston Light bearing west, distant six leagues, the “Shannon” finally hauled up, with her head to the southward and eastward, and lay to under topsails and jib, the latter flowing, and the spanker hanging by the throat-brail only, ready for rearing or running free, and the helm amidships.

The “Chesapeake” was now coming rapidly down, having sent her royal yards on deck, and reduced her sail to very much the same dimensions as her adversary. The “Shannon”’s royal yards were kept across, as her captain considered that those lofty sails might be serviceable in the event of the light air dying away or being altogether lulled

by the approaching cannonade. When nearly within gunshot, the "Shannon" filled under jib topsails and spanker, and, having little more than steerage way, awaited her opponent's closer approach.

All were now at their posts. The ships were closing fast. The sails of the "Chesapeake" came rapidly between the slanting rays of the evening sun and the "Shannon," darkening the main-deck of the latter. Not a noise was heard save the increased ripple of the water



BATTLE BETWEEN THE "SHANNON" AND "CHESAPEAKE."

against the bows of the "Chesapeake," which could be distinctly heard as she rapidly approached. It was at first doubtful whether the "Chesapeake" would make a raking evolution astern of the "Shannon," or come fairly alongside; but, when within pistol-shot, all suspense ended, for she rounded to on the starboard quarter, to windward, in precisely the same way as the "Hornet" did when she captured the "Peacock."

As the "Chesapeake" ranged alongside, yard-arm to yard-arm, she received, in close and steady succession, the whole of the "Shannon"'s broadside.

The effect of this, as seen from the "Shannon"'s tops, was truly withering. A hurricane of shot, splinters, torn hammocks, cut rigging, and wrecks of every description was hurled like a cloud across her deck. Of 150 men quartered there, more than 100 were instantly laid low. Nor was this all. In this moment of deadly strife, Captain Lawrence, who was colossal in figure, and with muscular power superior to most men, was fatally conspicuous on this day by the white vest and other habiliments he assumed. As he was standing on the carronade slide, he received a ball through his abdomen from the hand of Lieutenant Law of the marines. He fell severely wounded, doomed to die, with the words on his lips that afterward became a battle-cry to our navy,— "Don't give up the ship."

The conflict continued, and the "Chesapeake" poured in her whole broadside with great effect; but, as some of her rigging was cut away, she got sternway on her, and fell aboard of the "Shannon." While in this crippled and helpless condition, she received the "Shannon"'s second and most deliberate broadside. From the first the "Chesapeake" gave much attention to her small-arm force, and now was the "Shannon"'s turn and time to make use of these. Broke saw that she was crippled, and by his orders the marines in the gangways and the seamen in the boats, and clustering about the booms, poured in a precise, deliberate, and deadly fire.

Broke, perceiving the flinching of the "Chesapeake" men, and that the "Chesapeake" had drifted astern till her larboard quarter struck the "Shannon," instantly saw that this was his opportunity, and, throwing down his trumpet, he shouted, "Follow me who can!" and, leaping on the "Chesapeake"'s deck, followed by fifty or sixty men, a desper-

ate and disorderly resistance was made. The chaplain of the "Chesapeake" snapped a pistol at Captain Broke; but a backward stroke from his sword laid his reverence low. A vigorous charge along the gang way followed. This was the most confused moment of the conflict. A severe encounter had been raging in the tops. The "Chesapeake"'s men had been driven down, and the vessel was boarded from the fore-yard of the "Shannon," the men sliding down the foremost-backstays and chasing their adversaries to the deck. One of the "Shannon"'s midshipmen stationed in the maintop, finding the foot of the topsail intervened between his adversaries and himself, laid out on the main-yardarm; and, receiving loaded muskets through the "lubber's hole," shot three men from thence.

To add to the confusion, the "Chesapeake"'s head gradually falling off, her sails again filled, she broke away from the lashings, and forged across the bow of the "Shannon." At this moment the "Shannon"'s men had divided. Broke was on the forecastle interposing between his men and three or four of the "Chesapeake"'s men, who otherwise must have been instantly cut to pieces.

Watts, the first-lieutenant of the "Shannon," was aft, hauling down the flag, and in his haste hurried the sailors so that it caused them to bend on a white ensign under the American flag, which cost him his life. The moment this was seen from the "Shannon," her fire re-commenced, and a grape-shot from his own ship carried away the top of his head, the same discharge killing and wounding many around him. The consternation caused by this accident on the "Chesapeake"'s quarter-deck re-animated her men on the forecastle. Broke had already spared their lives. With pike, sabre, and musket, they formed behind their gallant preserver; and, when attracted by the call of one of his own men, he unsuspectingly turned around, and found three enemies, whose lives he had just spared, prepared and anxious to take his

life. These were great odds; but Broke parried the pike of his first assailant, and wounded him in the face with his sword. Before he could recover his guard, the second foe struck him with a cutlass on the side of the head. On this, the third, having clubbed his musket, drove home his comrade's weapon until a large surface of the skull was cloven entirely away, leaving the brain bare. Broke sank of necessity, stunned and bleeding, his sword falling from his relaxing grasp. His first assailant, who had already fallen, strove to muster sufficient strength to renew the attack, but was bayoneted by a marine. His companions were almost literally cut to pieces by the enraged men of the "Shannon."

It was truly a sanguinary scene. Broke was scarcely to be recognized even by his own comrades. A barrel of lime that stood on the deck had been struck with a shot, and he was plastered with lime and blood. Two of his officers tenderly raised him, and bound an old handkerchief around his streaming head, and applied a strong mental cordial by directing his look aft with the cheering words, "Look there, sir! there goes the old ensign up over the Yankee colors!" Slowly they led him to the quarter-deck, and seated him half fainting on a car-ronnade slide.

Whilst these events were passing on the "Chesapeake"'s forecastle and quarter-deck, an animated conflict had been going on forward on her main-deck. This ended in the dispersion of her crew. They were driven below, a grating placed over the main hatchway, and a marine posted sentry over it.

It chanced that this man, seeing a comrade pass, stretched out his hand by way of congratulation on their victory and escape. Whilst doing this, he was fatally shot from below. The surrounding men of the "Shannon," terribly enraged, instantly poured down the hatchway a warm discharge of musketry. This proceeding excited the anger of

Lieutenant Falkner, who was sitting on the boom, fatigued in his exertion in boarding. He rushed forward, and, presenting his pistol, protested he would blow out the brains of the first man who fired another shot. He then sang out to the "Chesapeake"'s crew below, that, if they did not instantly send up the man who shot the marine, he would call them up and put them to death one by one. This vigorous proceeding put an end to all further resistance.

The firing alluded to aroused Broke; and, on being informed of the cause, he faintly directed that they should be driven into the hold, and then lapsed into total insensibility from his great loss of blood.

The battle was now over, and the victory won. It was one of the bloodiest battles ever fought between two vessels; occupying only thirteen minutes, yet in this brief space of time 252 men were either killed or wounded, including every officer on the "Chesapeake."

Captain Lawrence, on receiving his wound, had been conveyed, in consequence of the shattered state of his cabin, to the "Chesapeake"'s ward-room, and remained there, in four days to breathe his last. Lieutenant Ludlow, who in the hurry of the moment was left lying in the steerage, sent a touching message, "Will you tell the commanding officer of the 'Shannon' that Mr. Ludlow, first of the 'Chesapeake,' is lying here badly wounded?" He was immediately placed in the berth of Lieutenant Watts, of the "Shannon" (who was killed), and died a few days after Lawrence.

Captain Broke was laid in his own cot in his own cabin, the good old sword ("Pray," said he, "take good care of my good old sword") being laid beside him. At this moment the ships were lying not more than a pistol-shot apart, with their heads toward the eastward.

The action was now over. The vessels and yachts that had accompanied the "Chesapeake" slowly and sadly steered back for Boston. The sun went down over the blood-stained waters of the bay; and, in

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the twilight interval between his setting and the moon's uprising, which whisped that night lighted the British on the first stage of their triumphal voyage. They had to Halifax, the slain was committed to the deep, — tenderly, yet quickly; pewed to sadly, and with few words. This done, the rigging was knotted, the masts fished, and the decks partially washed.

So, in full sight of hundreds of the people of Boston and the surrounding towns, who thronged the neighboring headlands and islands, winging the two ships, having shaped their course for Halifax, slowly receded with from the land and from the afflicted inhabitants of Boston.

The two ships presented a dismal spectacle after the battle. Crowded with the wounded and dying, they resembled floating hospitals, sending forth groans at every roll of the vessel. The brave Broke lay delirious from his wounds. The gallant Lawrence lay as we have said or ~~in~~ ward-room of the "Chesapeake," mortally wounded in body, and deeply commiserating his companion, uttered a word that his sufferings were not "an extremely able man, to unite with the "Cape and his officers, naval officers in consultation, and to assist to the utmost of his power in alleviating the unhappy condition of the "Chesapeake"'s late commander. He was immediately admitted to an interview with the brave and unfortunate Lawrence. Few inquiries were necessary; but, few as they were, Lawrence anticipated them, as his mournful answer shows.

"I know," said he, "why you ask that question. My own surgeon asked the same; and I see from it that there is no hope for me."

He was told, humanly speaking, there was none. In this way he lingered four days in great bodily pain, and the silent melancholy of a proud and noble heart, and then expired. His body was wrapped in the colors of his ship, and laid on her quarter-deck and conveyed to Halifax.

L
ti Lieutenant Ludlow died of his wounds in Halifax, and his body was taken to New York some time afterward, with that of Lawrence. Both bodies were interred in the churchyard of Trinity Church, where a handsome brown-stone monument, erected to their memory, can be seen from the street. Over fifty thousand persons attended the funeral.

The worth and gallantry of Lawrence have never found a detractor in a British writer. Lieutenant Ludlow, while on the "Shannon," won the regard and esteem of the British by his frank acknowledgment of the facts of the action, and his resolute rebuke of one of his brother officers, who wished to throw an erroneous gloss over the capture: —

"Let me hear," he said, "no more of it while we are on this ship. We were fairly beaten."

The shortness of the engagement was paralleled only by Lawrence's victory over the "Peacock" a few months previous in, ~~about~~, ten minutes, as timed by his own watch; but the bloody nature of it was not equaled by any single or general engagement during the war. The "Chesapeake"'s loss in killed and wounded was greater than either of our squadrons in gaining their victories on Lake Erie or Lake Champlain, and she had twice as many killed and a total of nearly as many killed and wounded as had Farragut's squadron in the passage of the forts below New Orleans in 1862. On the "Chesapeake," 47 were killed, 14 mortally and 33 less fatally wounded. In Farragut's fleet 35 were killed and 135 wounded. The "Shannon" had 27 killed and 58 wounded. So that in the space of 13 minutes 252 men were either killed or wounded on these two ships. In the general engagements off Cape St. Vincent, the whole loss of the British fleet was but 296, and in the battle off Navarino only 272. So that the engagement between the two vessels was the shortest and bloodiest ever fought.

The following graphic account of the arrival of the vessels at H-^{MS} was written by a young man living there at that time: —

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"On the Sunday following the action, I was attending divine service at St. Paul's Church. A person was seen to enter hurriedly, whisper something to a friend in a garrison pew, and hastily withdraw. The effect was electrical; for, whatever the news was, it flew from pew to pew, and one by one the congregation left the church. I, too, left the building to inquire into the cause of the commotion. I was informed, by a person in the crowd, that an English man-of-war was coming up the harbor with an American frigate as her prize, and slowly moving through the water. Every house-top and wharf was crowded with groups of excited people; and, as the ships successively passed, they were greeted with vociferous cheers. Halifax was never in such a stage of excitement before or since. It had witnessed the fitting out of the expedition under General Wolf to attack Louisberg with a fleet of 14^d to sail, and also his triumphal return. And also the expedition in late^y the years to capture Martinique and Gaudaloupe; but nothing had ever elicited the Haligonians like the arrival of these frigates. It was no new^{pub-}thing for them to see a British man-of-war enter the port with a prize^f a of equal or greater size than herself. When the news came, some time previously, of the capture of the 'Guerriere' by the 'Constitution,' men were unwilling to believe it, considering such an event simply impossible. I can well remember the gloom that hung over the community when the official account was received. Other actions soon followed with a similar result. It was therefore no wonder that the people of Halifax were so elated by what they considered a change of luck when it was known that the ships were the 'Shannon' and 'Chesapeake.' As soon as possible after the vessels had anchored near the dock-yard, a young friend and myself procured a boat, and pushed off to endeavor to obtain permission to visit them. We were refused admission to the 'Shannon,' in consequence of Captain Broke's requiring rest and repose, on account of his severe wounds; but we were more fortunate in

trining access to the 'Chesapeake.' The decks had not been cleaned, and the coils and folds of rope were steeped in gore, as if in a slaughter-house. Pieces of skin with pendent hair were adhering to the sides of the ship, and in one place I noticed portions of fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer wall of the frigate. I observed on the quarter-deck the figure of a large man wrapped up in the American flag. I was told it was the corpse of the gallant Captain Lawrence. Several of the sailors to whom liquor had evidently been handed through the port-holes by visitors in boats were lying asleep on the floor, as if they had fallen in action, and had expired where they lay. Altogether it was a scene of devastation as difficult to forget as to describe. It is one of the most painful reminiscences of my youth, for I was but seventeen years of age, and it made upon me a most mournful impression, that even now, after the lapse of more than half a century, remains as vivid as ever."

It is said that the men who so treacherously attacked Captain Broke, after he saved their lives, were British seamen, who, if captured, would probably be hung at the yard-arm, as traitors to their country. Five other traitors were subsequently found among the crew of the "Chesapeake," one of whom was hung, and the other four flogged round the fleet. The men of the "Shannon" also recognized several of their former shipmates, who had received their discharge when the war commenced upon claiming American citizenship.

After the wounding of Broke, and the death of Watts, the first lieutenant, the command devolved on P. F. Wallis, the second lieutenant, only twenty-two years of age. Broke was brought nearly a helpless victor to Halifax. His situation was most critical. Part of the skull was hewn away, and the brain itself remained open to view, pulsating visibly, and covered only by the outer investing membrane.

"Now, sir," said Wallis to his exhausted commander after his arrival.

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in Halifax, "I want you freed from this noise and disturbance. I have everything prepared, and I want to take you on shore."

"Do with me as you please," was the gentle answer of the brave, good man; and immediately the lashings of the cot were severed, and the men of the "Shannon" chosen for the honored task tenderly bore their commander on deck, and gently lowered him over the side into the boat his young lieutenant had so carefully prepared for his reception.

Thus he was borne to his friend's house, and there he passed many, many hours of suffering. Slowly — very slowly — he regained his strength; and, when permitted by his surgeon to go out, he loved to stroll down to the dock-yard, and inspect the damages sustained by the stout old ship in the late action.

Broke, on his recovery, returned to England, where he received public honors readily and largely, and was raised to the dignity of a baronet and admiral. He passed the remainder of his life in retirement at Broke Hall, in the county of Suffolk, the home of his ancestors but he never fully recovered from the effect of his wound, but was under the doctor's care nearly the whole time till his death on Jan. 3, 1841, when all that was mortal of Philip B. V. Broke was laid in the tomb of his ancestors within the ancient walls of Nacton Church.

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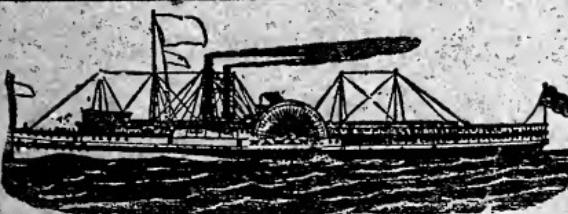


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